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Keith Lowe

LUNCH

It was not that the statue, the electric chandeliers, the portrait of the second president of the university, the antlers mounted high on the dark oaken panels of the hall, had ceased to be portents, but they had by this time been assumed into his scheme of things and assigned with some security their places in the firmament; so that he now walked in to lunch without looking up at whatever there was above him there in the line, meshed in his own reverie and the careless spinning of voices.

The queue moved a few steps at a time through the lobby. And when he picked up the tray at the entrance, half-hearing the voices around ("What'd you think of Schlesinger's lecture?" "What's the crap they're serving for lunch?" "No, I don't believe Kierkegaard's sexual guilt had anything to do . . ." "Don't forget the car key!"), he hardly recognized it as the gleaming white plastic — the gigantic, rimmed plate partitioned within for divers food which he had taken in his hands the first day, when, outfitted in jacket and tie, he, Neville Kalugira, followed with his eye the course of the roast beef as it fell squarely on the clean surface of the biggest partition, received from the other serving women salad, soup, pie, and, having run the course of the shining board from which he picked up bread, butter, milk and tea, carried the heavy tray with both hands to a table. There he had been joined by a boy from Iowa, who was glad to meet him, questioned him decently about his native land, and listened very eagerly and affectionately with the true and kindly face of his fathers

—so that after the meal he had walked back across the Yard to his room whispering to himself: "Behold the African! *Ecce homo Africanus qui se invenit in universitatem Americanorum venerabilissimam*," and laughing quietly in the radiant autumn afternoon.

Roast beef again for lunch. And now, the full tray in his left hand, he walked down the hall of the Harvard Union as if he had lived there all his life. He walked tall and straight, the repose of his brow like that of the side of a mountain. On his left cheek were three parallel scars, either careful knifemarks or the careless swath of a paw. He sat at the last table, alone, the dense swell of conversation washing tiredly over him. Close, heated air, heavy with the odor of food, hung overhead.

Outside the day was all ice. He looked through the bay window at the patches of frost fastened to the ground, the limbs of tall elms stretched out in the hard air. Noon. New England noon. The zenith of the winter day balanced for the moment on its cloudless silent center.

He was about to start eating when Ephraim Munroe, his roommate from Alabama, came down between the rows of tables and set his tray opposite him. The boy was a shade lighter than Neville, his complexion being dry and whitish as if dusted lightly with wood ashes. He was small-framed, and his face had the hard contracted features of an old monkey. He dropped into the chair and began to eat, rapidly and methodically. Each knew why he was silent and sensed the other's uneasiness: Ephraim, seeing none of his acquaintances to sit with on his way down the hall, did not like to sit at the back of the hall; and Neville, anxious to avoid showing any preference for his own race, was hoping other students would join them at the table.

"Cold out today, huh?" Ephraim offered. "Your blood thickening yet?"

"Oh, I'm all right," Neville said.

They relapsed into silence, staring into their trays and sometimes out the window. Sunlight filtered through weakly, barely holding its path in the gloom of the stained oak walls. The freshmen at the next table, through with their meal, rose noisily and left. At half past twelve, not many were coming in now.

"Finish your food," Ephraim said, pointing his fork at the bread crust left in his companion's tray.

Neville toyed with the bread. His belly was full; it always was

nowadays. He picked up the crust and dropped it, picked it up and dropped it, as he looked over Ephraim's head. He half-hoped to catch the eye of someone he knew, and was distractedly scanning the fair faces and squared shoulders, the figures sitting down and getting up, the light bulbs faintly pricking the dark of the high ceiling.

"I'm going to ship that to a beggar in Calcutta," Ephraim said. And he plucked the bread out of Neville's fingers and swallowed it at once. Neville had no reply. Embarrassed, he pushed his chair back and got up to leave.

"Going to get a grain of rice," Ephraim said, "and put it on your desk, and make you worship that grain every night before you start studying."

The tall young man smiled tiredly.

"I got great plans for you. Stay and hear them," Ephraim entreated.

Neville knew what was coming. He had begun to feel it was his responsibility to endure it, for Ephraim spoke not to injure but out of his great need to unravel his tortured wisdom as well as to repose his troubles on the side of a father or a sphinx. Neville, long schooled in patience, resumed his seat, leaned forward and prepared to listen.

Ephraim's narrow brow contracted, and his hairline, whitish in parts and set on the edge of his forehead like a judicial wig, dropped lower over his eyes.

"You're losing yourself, Neville, bit by bit. I've been watching you these days, and you're giving in and not realizing it."

"To what?"

"Don't you know!" Ephraim twisted around, waved his arm in a short arc above the heads in the hall and cried: "To all this!" The arm remained cocked, as if he had forgotten it; and almost as if to justify the prolonged gesture, he announced: "Behold the future leaders of mankind, feeding!"

Neville sank back in his chair. The charge of giving in, according to the terms they had agreed on, was enormous. But it was not so much guilt that crushed him now. He was ashamed of the shabby attack made on his behalf, of the puny ire which on this occasion took the place of the terrible tight-twisted strength he had found in his roommate. In Ephraim's ancient fire he had tempered himself against the pallidness of faces that withstood the hard winter—and with such success—by their very pliancy. But now the old implacable visage, which had guarded his advent and sheltered him from the

LOWE & HOBBS

little humiliations of adjusting to the new life, was confronting him with the ugly aspect of a temporal judge, awaiting his rejoinder. He knew he could devise no answer which would not seem mechanical to Ephraim. His only resort was patience.



Fredric Hobbs "Procession" No. 1

Courtesy Robert L. Olmstead Collection, San Francisco

He looked away through the bay window. Cars scudded by in the street intermittently. High in the sky a tiny jet plane, silvery as a shark, streaked out of sight, its brief biting whine rattling the large panes of glass. A wind stirred the tree limbs. The balance of day was unset, and the day inclined to the west. A wave of freshmen, returning from the twelve o'clock lectures, poured in a steady line into the dining hall.

"Oh," Ephraim snapped his head up as if he suddenly remembered something, and his chapped lips parted in a little smile. "I've been meaning to ask you about those animal heads on the wall. What's that one over the door?"

"Don't know. A deer, maybe."

"What!" Ephraim cried. "That's a gazelle. Even I can make that out. You're supposed to know these things, boy."

"Oh?"

"Don't you know Teddy Roosevelt shot those beasts in Africa? He killed that one near your hut. That's what you're supposed to say. You know very well why you got your scholarship to Harvard. You're to provide color and diversity, to give native students like me a chance at getting first-hand some foreign culture—real tribal culture. Don't you know the guys downstairs think you are a Mau Mau?"

"And what function are you supposed to fulfill, may I ask?" Neville said.

"Me? Dis university dont wants much fum a poor Alabamy nigger. Ise on whut you boys call the geographical distribution statistics, en dats nuff. But you? Yore diffrent? Aint you from the blood royal of the Masai? Dont Harvard expect you to be the first native Minister of Eddicashun? Dont I expect you to go one up on Jomo Kenyatta and Sekou Toure?"

Ephraim reserved the negroid pronunciation mainly for comments about himself. Now he continued in the style of a white emancipationist.

"You have a noble heritage and do not know it. The American people accept the duty of educating you, and to this end we have constructed a great sculpture, which you must go see over the spring vacation, young man. It is in front of the Natural History museum in New York. There's old TR the great hunter astride the charger, towering in Anglo-Saxon pride, with a Negro and an Indian gun-bearer flanking him. That Negro figure is so nobly moulded it makes

TR himself look more dignified. You see, man, you are an inspiration for art and a fount of culture."

The delivery was all the more effective because it was from such indignities—as when the boy in the room below came up to interview him for an anthropology paper—that Ephraim had shielded him. He did not expect an arrow from this direction. He could only feel the pain deepen in him, till it turned to compassion for the boy, to pity for the childish malice which was ultimately aimed at himself, and the squalid turns into which his frustrations sometimes forced him.

Neville wanted to divert him. He asked him if he had got his philosophy paper back. The taunting squint of the boy's eyes slowly loosened; but if it was regret Neville thought he saw rising in them, he knew his roommate would never admit it.

"I'm just trying to tell you," Ephraim said, "that . . . that you're giving in; like you're letting the island of yourself wash away piece by piece. Hard enough to stay whole in this academic ratrace, and we making it worse by straining to come out first. But the little things you give in to. Like why you going out for a late snack these couple nights past. Or why you spent thirty bucks buying that used typewriter although I said you could use mine right through college. And this new jacket you're sporting now. Real sharp. From J. Press, no? Half your scholarship money?"

"It was on sale," Neville said.

"You look like a damn clubbie. Next thing you know you want to join the Porcellian!" Ephraim's laugh tingled with scorn, and then he was earnest again. "So you're thinking of switching to pre-med, huh? Well, it's silly enough for a native of the dark continent to be studying classics. But if you're not changing to Government, as I've been begging you all along, you might as well stick to classics. Do you know what becomes of foreign med students? Their little eyes open to the pickings in America and they never go back to their poor sick country. Man, you couldn't think of a better way to sell out your people. Think how hard your family having it—your mother minding the cow and your father leaving home to peddle limes in Dar-es-Salaam. And you here getting set to join the acquisitive society! What your people need is not the money you can send them by milking rich hypochondriacs, nor even the medicated compassion of the welfare state, but a socialist system so thoroughly humane that



Fredric Hobbs "Procession" No. 2 Courtesy Fredric Hobbs Gallery, San Francisco

it eventually becomes no system at all. And, brother, if you don't answer the call, then God have mercy on your soul."

"And on yours too, citizen Munroe," Neville said. He could not deny, but only counter-charge. "How about the five hundred you made in California this summer and squandered in New York? How much of it did you send to India? You're a hell of a socialist! And

how, if your conscience is so tender, can you sit here eating Harvard's food and living off their scholarship? Don't you believe anymore that primitive accumulation of capital was faster in America than in any other country because she had the largest amount of unpaid labor? Didn't you say that for every thousand dollars in Massachusetts, a slave dropped dead in Virginia? That the capitalists finally gave their excess profits to the university in the desperation of bad conscience? Yet here you are, sir, eating it up!"

By such mutual arraignment they had goaded each other into a crude righteousness, beginning from the first night they met in their room, shook hands like born geniuses, and lay talking in the darkness, each trying to make the other feel the height and mass of his aspirations. But no sooner were the structures completed than they began to tear them down and throw the particles at each other. This generated a field of nervous force which deflected from them the petty rubs and indignities of their environment. And thus sheltered, they had come to love at least the old buildings of the Yard, whether the windows at night shed warm patches of light on the ground or the ivy grew decrepit and indifferent to that generation of tenants; and they began to feel with burning intensity the timeliness of their presence there.

"All right, all right," Ephraim said, "I'm guilty as hell. But you don't appreciate the blow I strike the enemy by consuming what they produce. Seriously, though, Neville, I was born with the original sin of this society and I've committed actual sin by compromising with the system. I'm a just man, though. If the bomb dropped on my head, which would certainly cause it not to explode and kill anybody else but me, I'd accept it as justice. I really would. But it isn't as important for me to be just as it is for you. The mantle of history falls on your shoulders."

"Wear it yourself," Neville said.

"Can't. The Yankees would take me for Antichrist. And even if I had any use for Moscow, they'd probably kick me right back to Alabama. My black can only be a symbol of the whiteman's lack of conscience; just something to remind this 17% of the world's people that they consume 70% of the world's goods. But you have the power of black — your people's strength reduced to its essence by long poverty. Here you are in the best university the wealthiest nation can produce, and you're going back to lead your

country out of colonialism. Can't you see it will be the greatest moment in the whole history of the world when the last subject nation is free! Man, that will be the sign for the outraged nations of the East to start the pendulum swinging the other way. Look, man, it has to be. It will come sure as Judgment. The West hasn't paid for the four centuries of cruelty yet. They're going to pay with equal blood. This generation is going to pay. Jesus! Can't you see this damn dining hall going up to heaven! Our room in the Yard, and this whole bastion of imperialism called Harvard going up as dust! We deserve it. I deserve it. Look, Neville," Ephraim turned in his chair and pointed with a trembling hand, "look at the root of democratic action right here in this hall. World news: Harvard students carry trays instead of having lackeys to wait on them. Universal egalitarian movement begins . . ."

Neville lunged across the table and struck him in the throat. The boy jerked around and choked in his tray. The prolonged coughing brought a film of moisture to his eyes.

"What a dirty little monkey you are!" Neville said. "You won't ever bother to lick the dirt off your arse. You prefer to run around showing it as the whiteman's kick. You're getting mad to revenge a period of history that's dead and gone. In the long run, only your own people are going to suffer for your brainless passion, you ugly little sin."

"You call it dead?" Ephraim said. "You call it a period of history as though you were giving a damn history course! Look, man, I can feel on my skin how the shapes of the past are moving me. The prayers of my dead fathers sustain me; and I aint got no dependence in this godforsaken universe but to the seed that bore me. If you betray your fathers, you negate yourself; you die the death, you understand. Give up this pretense that your father is in heaven, and that Jesus is the focal point of history. I am the center from which time runs back or forward. I am the product of what happened before and the maker of what happens after. And you—you really share my position, don't you? Or else why, at this critical point in the cruel history of man, did you choose to take upon yourself the future guilt as well as the past outrage of imperialism?"

"That's my choice, not yours," Neville said. "Don't worry. I can answer for myself."

"Let me tell you," the boy continued, "you only have time in your

life to feel the outrage. That's the only way you can be true to yourself and to your fathers. If you try to play Christ by bearing the collective guilt of the ruling class of England, Germany, France, Holland, Belgium, Spain and Portugal, you will only succeed in being Judas to your people in Africa and Asia. Leave the Judas-Christ role to me. For you're only wasting yourself like that. You're making your people swallow their humiliation and then you're selling their sweat for table salt! You're giving in just because people are nice to you. Do you think the Rotarian generosity of this society is any substitute for justice? Who is the ugly one? Me, buzzing around like a dislocated fly in America? Or you, born without the original sin of imperialism, nourished by the deep roots you have in your land, a leader with the means to resurrect your people, yet sitting here in this majestic dining hall, talking with an English accent and tricked out in Ivy League clothes? Boy, I can just see you doing the 'Greats' at Oxford; taking tea with the son of the Colonial Secretary who just arranged a nice new constitution for a new kind of slavery in your homeland! You never know, they might even make you secretary to the Colonial Secretary. And when you die, you'll get a little monument in Trafalgar Square, with words like these on it: 'In memory of the man who took upon himself the guilt as well as the outrage of colonialism.' Oh Lord, the stupid irony!"

In the dense sullen air of the dining hall, Ephraim's shrill nasal voice shot up and down like an outraged wasp. The blood rose in his face and flushed a hideous purple beneath the black skin. He seemed to be excited by the beat of a thousand thin-skinned drums, and by the touch of whatever spirits were real to him. And he was making them come alive to his companion.

Unnerved and hurt as he was, Neville recognized in the boy's indignation the old fire that made his passion hard as an arrowhead. And he remembered that this dessicating anger, if it continued to burn, would eventually choke Ephraim in its own ashes. He would be seized with the violent shaking of the shoulders and the dry crying he had seen him fall into before. But Neville could not sidestep or turn his back on Ephraim's charge; for even as the boy's eyes reddened, there grew in them the pitiful demand to be met and even consoled by the man in whom he expected his own fulfillment.

By this time only a handful of freshmen remained in the hall. The serving women were beginning to wipe the tables and refill the sugar

bowls. Anxious to clear the hall and finish working, they were offering to take the trays which the students ordinarily carried themselves to the dishwashing counter. An old Irish woman in a green uniform was waiting at a discreet distance from the two young men, and, seeing her chance, moved in to take their trays.

"Are you finished, sirs?" she asked.

Neither of them answered. So she walked off and left the trays.

Neville put his elbows on the table, leaned over towards his roommate and spoke softly.

"Ephraim. Look. Keeping outrage, swallowing humiliation—it isn't all that bad, you know. For one thing, it takes a better man to do it; what you might call a peacemaker. If we take advantage of this period of history to hit back, the West will hit back in the next, and so the cycle goes. Nowadays, Belgian nuns get raped; the Indonesians kick out the Dutch settlers to their last child; China is making a bomb . . . all parts of the same thing. You're right: the pendulum is starting the other way. But it will come back. And every swing of the hammer gets harder, and we're at the time when everybody may get killed. What it needs is a man to grab hold; and though he's going to die from the drag, it will slow down, and maybe in God's time, stop."

"You believe this?" Ephraim said.

"Yes."

"And you're going to ask your people to hold back the pendulum and get dragged to death?"

"No."

"Well, you can always ask me, you know." Ephraim spoke slowly, sentence by sentence. "I'm expendable. Nothing to lose. Except I'm on the opposite side of the world. And I don't weigh enough to hold back that thing. And I don't believe in human sacrifice anyway. But what else do you promise your people with this philosophy besides death?"

"More than you and your socialism have to offer."

"What's that? You mean God?"

Neville kept silent.

Ephraim pressed on: "You mean the unlimited possibility to attain God, which you say is the big deal of your Christian state? You still think you can make a political philosophy out of Jesus's parables? You intend to foist this mess on your country?"

"Talk, talk, talk: don't you get tired," Neville said. "I'm damn well tired of your inquisitioning me about what I'm going to do and fixing up my destiny for me. Why don't you shut up and think about what you're going to do yourself?"

"Me? Talk. Gwine spend my life talkin, jes like dis now. Gwine save my soul talkin. The old boy Marx put a Latin tail on one speech. Goes sump'n like dis: *Dixi et salvavi animam meam*. Too hifalutin for him, and I guess he did'n mean it serious. I do, though."

Then Ephraim changed accents: "If you believe we Socialists don't believe in God, you're an atheist yourself. We believe people are God, and God is the people. That is exactly why comrades die for one another; and the Communist martyr stands for much more than the Christian martyr."

"Mumbo-jumbo!" Neville said. "First you make the worship of your totem fathers the core of your theory of history. And now you make this socialist mysticism the core of your social philosophy. What a pretty picture you make . . ."

Ephraim broke in.

"Philosophy! Theory! Ha. You sound like Marx. You sound like a damn dilettante serving bullahit on a silver plate. Why don't you talk about your leper sister? Your mother? They don't mean as much to you as your precious philosophy, do they? You can't feel how your people suffered for so many generations, their beautiful ways destroyed forever, your whole land raped for so long by whiteman's avarice. Here you are in Cambridge, Massachusetts, talking all the time about Catholic philosophy. My God, the whole stupid irony of it! You don't even realize that your being a Catholic and my forefathers being slaves in America are part of the same grand plot. The only difference is that you are worse off, for you were mentally enslaved. The daran Portugese raided the east coast of Africa one day, and several generations later you turn up a Catholic—one more intellectual slave perpetuating economic slavery."

"I might have turned up a Muslim," Neville said. "The chances were equally good. But let's stop speculating and shooting off. I know I can't persuade you that a man can look through the historical circumstances and find what is true and catholic. But let me just give you my last word about how I intend to start my country out of the poor past. As you like to put it, we start without original sin and with the innocence of suffering. What do we want with Com-

munism, or even Capitalism, unless we want to blight and disfigure the new order. What I want to make of my land is a city of God. My mind is made up. Augustine and Africa! And for God's sake, leave me alone to do what I want!"

"You won't do nothing at all!" Ephraim cried, desperate now at the threat of being shut out of his prince's fortunes. "You slave! Marcus Garvey's liberation was wasted on you. You don't realize what the whiteman's education did to you. You know his history and language better than your own. You swallow his values whole; he made your moral universe for you . . . the one in which white is good and pure, and black is wicked and ignorant and corrupt. I catch you accepting even Anglo-Saxon standards of beauty. You don't talk about your girl back home any more. This blonde Cliffie you're after must make her seem so black and ugly. How can you stand to go back among such hideous people? Whiteness has gone to your soul, man. And when you pray most humanly, when you ask the Father in heaven for bread, confess, Neville, don't you see God as a white man?"

Neville felt a hot flash in his head. The place seemed to tremble around him. The chandeliers, the mounted animal heads, the portrait of the president, even the names of the war dead inscribed on the wall, were shaken in their firmament. The monumental patience he had built in himself by the waters of Lake Victoria was cracked. He found himself on his feet, his right arm drawn back to strike, and Ephraim thrusting his head forward and crying:

"Hit me! Hit me! Here's my cheek. Hit me, you sweet little Christian! Then you can turn around and lick the boot that kicked you. Is that what your people deserve? Don't you hear them calling you, their ghosts here keeping you aright, their bodies there starving so that you can get the best imperialist education? You don't care, do you? You don't give a damn that my mother down there in Tuscaloosa keeps dreaming about the great green continent and the sunlit cities in it? You don't feel your fathers sustaining? No, you dog, you can't feel for them because you've eaten your sense of justice and swallowed your humanity. Hyena! You've eaten your own guts. This capitalist food you just ate is the flesh of your own people. You damn cannibal! Black Jesus, Judas . . ."

The words fell from his mouth in spasms, and his voice thinned into a dry screech. Disturbed by the tirade, the freshmen at the table

nearby turned around and saw the tall young blackman standing over his small brother, and one of them said to Ephraim, "What's the matter, kid?" Neville took a step back. Ephraim remained hunched up over his tray; he would not be able to move until the grimace on his face gradually released itself. Leaving him there, Neville buttoned his coat up to his chin and walked out into the icy afternoon.

Keith Lowe is a graduate student at Stanford University. He was born in Jamaica in 1938. His short stories have been published in the *Harvard Advocate* and *The Editor*. This is his first national publication.



Fredric Hobbs "Procession" No. 3 Courtesy Arthur L. Dahl Collection,

Louis Simpson

THERE IS

Look! From my window there's a view
of city streets
where only lives as dry as tortoises
can crawl—the Galapagos of desire.

There is the day of Negroes with red hair
and the day of insane women on the subway;
there is the day of the word Trieste
and the night of the blind man with the electric guitar.
But I have no profession. Like a spy
I read the papers—Situations Wanted.
Surely there is a secret
which, if I knew it, would change everything!

2.

I have the poor man's nerve-tic, irony.
I see through the illusions of the age!
The bell tolls, and the hearse advances,
and the mourners follow, for my entertainment.

I tread the burning pavement,
the streets where drunkards stretch
like photographs of civil death
and trumpets strangle in electric shelves.

The mannequins stare at me scornfully.
I know they are pretending
all day to be in earnest.
And can it be that love is an illusion?

When darkness falls on the enormous street
the air is filled with Eros, whispering.
Eyes, mouths, contrive to meet
in silence, fearing they may be perverted.

3.

O businessmen like ruins,
Bankers who are Bastilles,
Widows, sadder than the shores of lakes,
Then you were happy, when you could still tremble.

But all night long my window
sheds tears of light.
I seek the word. The word is not forthcoming.
O syllables of light . . . O dark cathedral . . .

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The San Francisco Collection of New Writing, Art, and Ideas
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CONTACT, Vol. 2, No. 4, (8), May, 1961, is published quarterly by Angel Island Publications, Inc., Bridgeway and Johnson, Box 755, Sausalito, California. Domestic and foreign subscriptions, \$5.00 a year, \$9.00 for two years. All payments from foreign countries must be made by U.S. money orders or checks made payable in U.S. currency or with 75 cents added for collection charges. Single copy: U.S. \$1.45.

Distributed Nationally by: B. DeBoer, Bloomfield, New Jersey; A. & A. Distributors, Boston, Massachusetts. Represented Internationally in all foreign countries except Canada by Henry M. Snyder & Company, Inc., New York. Distributed in Canada by McClelland & Stewart, Ltd., Toronto.

Unsolicited manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped self-addressed envelope.

Printed in the United States of America.

Entered as Second Class Matter, Sausalito, California.

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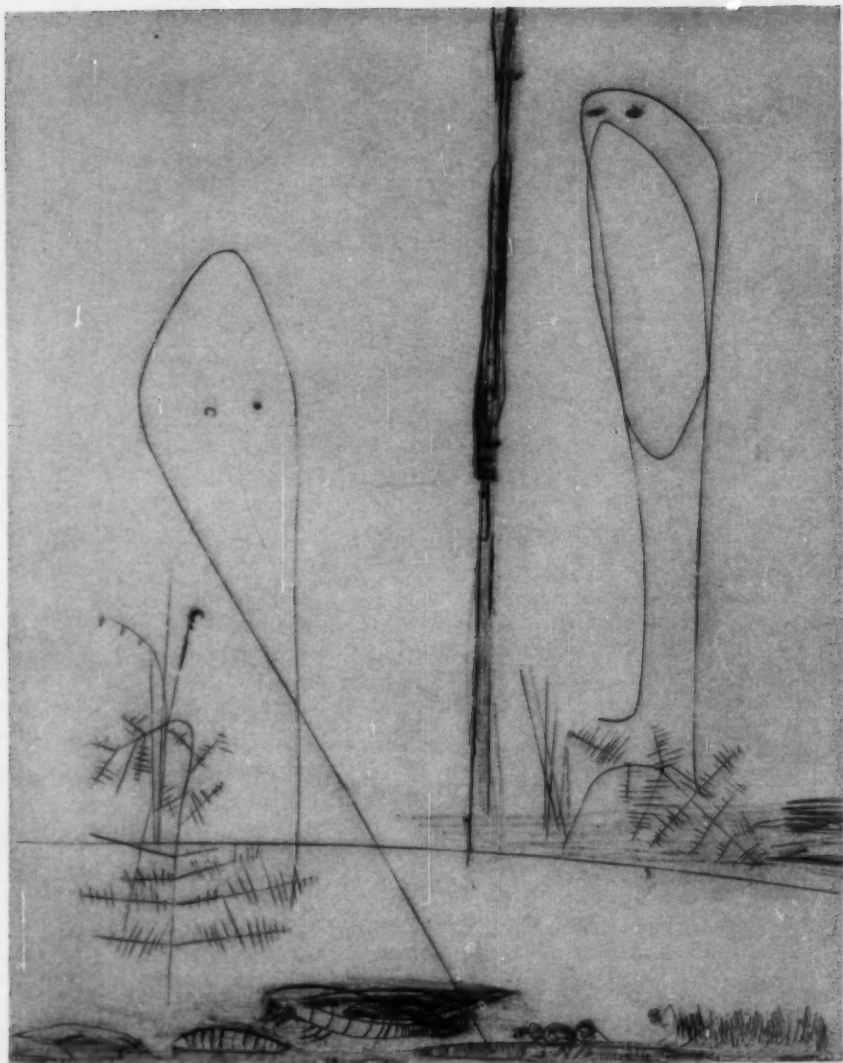
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Kett Zegart

"Playground"

"The Gallery", Mill Valley

Philip O'Connor

INTEGRITY:

OR, THE FLIGHT FROM EGYPT?

Some are born into culture who can discuss integrity as others the Stock market, and in terms not dissimilar; others need alcoholic refreshment to make the transcendental sufficiently solid. I am in the latter class; sobriety proposes problems, allows perceptions inimical to a cultural workman's progress.

It was in a moment of sobriety that I imagined a bevy of middle-aged and older literary men floating out to sea in a twilight on a platform of their anachronistic principles; as in an old Marx Brothers film (I think, "A Night at the Opera"), an urchin of our times cuts the mooring rope while the orchestra of their felicities is in full blast. On shore, a fiesta of Philistia was in progress. My sympathies were divided.

This thought bred the idea of a book on the theme of certain writers and the culture of those who don't read them. To collect material for the first group I sent out several letters to writers, some of whom I knew, was given a very half-hearted contract to interview them by a weekly periodical whose literary section was suffered more than believed in by the editor, and bought a motorized bicycle as the cheapest form of transport. The interviews were nearly all achieved, but both the periodical and the bicycle had to be jettisoned; my ally on the periodical suddenly left for Spain, and I fell off the bicycle in Charing Cross Road, and might have been seriously injured. Eventually I travelled by car with a friend. My tour was very alcoholic; and I noted that more alcohol was required to interview some writers than

others in degree, I think, of their addiction to this question of integrity in *a certain sense* (decorative and abstract). I needed the least amount of alcohol to interview the late Edwin Muir.

How can I explain the awful and embarrassing sense of *weight*—as of rising up through a sea of porridge—that the discussion of literary and spiritual matters induces in me? Is it entirely subjective, or do I note the same heavy-breathed exertion in the man I interview? That I do would not, of course, be accepted as conclusive. Yet it persuades . . . to the pursuit, in men of integrity, of their inspired sense of the inapplicability of some principles contributing to that integrity.

I began (from my base in Suffolk) with Alan Rawsthorne, the composer, with whom I wished to write a musical play. Alan did not discuss integrity; I doubt if it has ever worried him. Music is wiser than words, meaning most and saying least. A strong gale seemed to blow through the room in his cottage, blowing words, even the most golden and prized, in rhythms too powerful for them. Alan has discovered the art of apparent stillness in a fidgety world; a man of soluble problems, glancing unruffled out of the cottage door and noting, without astonishment, that the new world has not yet dawned. He has no doubt that it will, and therefore holds no patent in restrictive anticipation, no method of spiritual under-writing; no personal manner in the emulation of its lovelier points. I considered this to be a good criterion of integrity, and went satisfied into the milder scene of Cambridge. Was the simplicity of the verse of Frances Cornford restrictive—or true?

She said, in her seat of most civilized living, that the cultivation of a fine state of being was "quite horrible." An unusual combination of tough-mindedness (behind features distinctly taken from Charles Darwin, her grandfather) and aesthetic sensibility that I found hard to understand; and my petulant theory of the artificial refinement of sensibility I found perceptibly weakened: one against the Philistines. Art and life, she said, were incompatible; women could accept that. I was aware that men could not, who wore a hair net when they composed. So, on my way to the doyen of modern aesthetic, I prepared for battle. I was convinced that I saw the hair net, there; but discovered it to be part of the hair. This remark is carefully abstruse enough to be neither polite nor impolite; furthermore, Sir Herbert Read cannot be hurt. His armament of charm is impervious.

I had vaguely known him when I was a bohemian in the Thirties, and then as an apocalyptic drunk in the Forties confusing spewing with creation, a reformed character in the Fifties, when paralysis and rectitude were entering into a dangerous affinity. I mention this because Sir Herbert is something of a loadstone to my compass set for the journey's end, through the mutability of fashions on the way. He lives brilliantly in a lovely setting, a large ex-vicarage in Yorkshire, where honey-coloured stone hums in the sunshine and fresh green rolls the heat away, which mint julep returned to my head. Sir Herbert smiled successfully throughout my elaborate profundities; this was less a battle than a failed assault: the fortress could afford to let down the drawbridge—the treasure lay securely below—how esoteric a treasure, I only now began to imagine. Technological civilization, said Sir Herbert, having no basis in morality will inevitably destroy itself. Politics is still a refuge for scoundrels; planning means social bondage; and integrity? “The man behind the mask—i.e., the man without a mask . . . social success is almost always inimical to personal integrity.” And (a subtle point) he connects his deterministic attitude to his *suffering* of success (not specifically social; he “has no sense of a career.”)

Finally? “The only *realizable* aim in life is to create what Eric Gill called ‘a cell of good living’.” I drove away from the cell, thinking hard; his success in this realizable aim appeared established. His suffering of the other kind of success, in its limitations, was also evident; wounds have an odd nobility. But integrity was becoming abstract, was it not? For the scientific mind, it should be simpler. There, the disciplines exist unequivocally, and must be undoubted aids: bannisters up the stairway to manifest truth. And I took my eyes away lest the bannisters tremble. I stoked up considerably for Bertrand Russell, in North Wales, but not for the usual reasons, but because I (then) suffered from an acute sense of intellectual inferiority. Attempting to matriculate, after all, I had earned 2½% in the maths. papers; and I especially well knew the basis of inexactitude that blew up the visible balloons of . . . my later literary integrity; the relationship between the two is *very* nice. Therefore he said, as soon as I entered his eyrie overlooking the valley: “The trouble with you intellectuals is that you’re more interested in being right than in finding out the truth.”

Yet I would have said of Lord Russell, but cannot with confidence

because of an insufficiency of data, that he *dared* one to find him wrong: an exemplar of the flaw in the quality of "challenge" that the British, I believe, so speciously admire; life, I have been so pleased to discover, not being cricket, and truth not being in the monopoly of brain trusts. I was unable to sense an intellectual balancing feat that, in spite of his immense achievements, continued to enthrall him. Intellectual athleticism could be a name for it. In his wickedly total sensibility, his so acutely maintained homogeneity of outlook (in what logistic bonds confined?) he looked lively as a marmoset. He laughed at me; I couldn't gauge the genuineness of my cooperation with his sense of humour.

I suggested that frightening people with descriptions of the effects of nuclear warfare wasn't a positive enough method of producing a mass campaign against it (for the fans of death, in their numbers, must be judged by the cerebral highjinks of their other aspect, as lovers of life). Fear, after all, has for too many such strange charms. He disagreed, and declared only the intelligentsia to be so morbid; I continued to disagree: the masses share their neuroses dulcetly, but not the less firmly. Lord Russell's courage is unquestionable and his integrity complete, though architecturally rigid: at the expense, I thought, of some philosophical limitations. "If he offend thee, cut it off." He had done so; how commendable is the operation? To quite an extent, no doubt.

I saw other writers to less profit. The rising man said too much, attempting to distill soma out of opportunity, the established too elegantly said the too precisely right amount, and the most eminent said too little.

The most eminent should not, I saw, be questioned about integrity. It was, or it wasn't there: success lay in quietening the ghost or in assuming the life. I returned to my home ground to interview the arch-metaphysician of internal disorders and, I think, one of the most honest of practitioners in this excruciatingly complex therapy. Stephen Spender was in the always seeming captivity of his office, a kind of Noah's Ark of declining culture, where Noah Spender finds room for odd beasts, even for me.

"Tarnished Apollo," an old friend on the envious fringes had once called him to me but, as suggested above, wounds have an odd nobility; nowhere more remarkably than in Stephen's culture-weathered face, crowned suitably in grey clouds of hair. A vague man,

always, more in his speech than in his writing where (for example, in "World Within World") there are sometimes to be found quite startlingly direct perceptions. He takes risks, which is when he is at his best. Shedding masks is the next best thing to dispensing with them altogether—an UnEnglish and almost impossible feat.

He answered my questions patiently, accurately and in great detail; and with some passion. "I still like Beethoven ('the idea that heaven is the most beautiful dying swan song in the universe'), because for me discipline and work can only come out of the pressure of personal feeling towards what is impersonal."

His ideal? "An extremely lucid poem which derives from a very lucid attitude towards experience. A world in which life is more important than power, and divisions are not between classes and nations, but between children, the inheritors of the earth, and the past, their heritage . . ." And integrity was "living faithfully according to a pattern and a rule which one knows only at moments and then knows one has known always." The main contemporary sickness was "the imbecility of opposing ideological arguments which do not permit men to be humble with one another." To this, the late Edwin Muir would have subscribed; I saw him only for an hour, and write from memory.

He had an innocent air, and one suspected that guilt would have taken impossibly violent forms in him; for if he were guilty, most of the world was. This, I should say, was his one accommodation to the world. He worked out this sentence impeccably, writing always on a moral plane. Also retirement from the world took for him the impression of, quite certainly, returning home; he was a traveller here, learning as much as he could and imparting it to others; but he did not pay this place the compliment of regarding it as his proper habitation. "Edwin always had one foot in Eden," said his wife Willa, "but I held the other." He was singularly unaware of class feeling (the Orkneys, his childhood home, being deficient in this amenity), which has been my obsession. And yet his "Autobiography", one of the best of our times, is acute not in the perception of class feeling, but in the unconscious exposition of it, and in Muir's implicit condemnation.

He was the gentlest of them all; clear—and yet, said his wife, you may think you see to the bottom of the clear pool (his autobiography)—but there are fishes that have not been described in it. In his work,

as in that of his fellow Liberal E. M. Forster, there are trompe-d'oeils of a specifically English delicacy; wherein honour is not as blind as the pragmatic would like her to be.

I have not made the addition of this sum; and yet know that integrity in the sense used here very much pertains to a dying class, in and out of letters: the once-called "gentle" class. Gentlemen, in and out of letters, are passing away, and with it their rare distillation, integrity. Today, more in applied; of perhaps a coarser distillation.

The sum would, I'm sure, be in the familiar terms of men not being responsible for what they do. The most intelligent realize this; and the discipline of this realization has very much to do with integrity.

Philip O'Connor is a prominent British writer. He is the author of *Memoirs of a Public Baby*, *The Lower View*, and *Steiner's Tour*.

Kenneth O. Hanson

THE CROSSING

Indifferent to the light
which changed midway
her bent bones preceded
by a straight stick she
crossed the intersection
while traffic waited
and she told herself
wholeheartedly some
winding story, neither
defeated nor kowtowing
as could be seen by
that blossom, black
plastic on a thin stem
she wore like a miner's
headlamp, facing into
the hard sun, defiant.

BOOKS!

Arthur Koestler's latest, **THE LOTUS AND THE ROBOT**, is a brilliant investigation of Zen and Yoga. C. G. Jung writes that Koestler's is "a meritorious as well as a needful act of debunking for which he deserves our gratitude." From **Newsweek**: "Probably the most exciting inquiry into this whole subject to date." **\$3.95**

F. L. Lucas is one of the foremost prose stylists of this century. The critics have heaped unanimous praise on **THE GREATEST PROBLEM**, his new collection of essays (from Housman's poetry to the population explosion). "A first-rate and original mind . . . always at war with vulgarity, barbarism, fanaticism." (**New York Times**) **\$5.00**

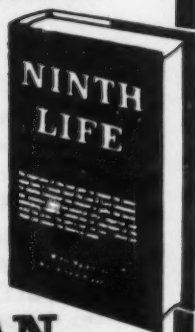
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MACMILLAN

"Now, as a Californian,
in shame I lay me
down to cry" said
MELVIN M. BELLI, after
reading the most damning
book about California
justice ever published

NINTH LIFE



**The Untold Story
of CARYL CHESSMAN
by MILTON MACHLIN and
WILLIAM R. WOODFIELD**

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THE FAR SIDE OF HUMANITY

CONTACT has been and means to remain on the side of humanity. Nobody quarrels with this. But a philosophy must concern itself with particulars, and it is on particular questions that one makes friends or enemies. CONTACT has made certain enemies and, with Menden, takes pride in the fact they are the right ones. We have not hesitated to declare opposition, for instance, to the House Committee on UnAmerican Activities. Today, in the United States, this is not prudent, for insofar as a man declares himself, so is he suspect. Today, in this world so filled with strife and suffering, it is both simple and prudent to maintain silence. But it is on silence that oppression feeds until it has reached the stature of Grendel—by which hour the champion may not be sufficient.

It is simple and it is prudent to keep silent, and it is the pattern of America today. This is the pattern of a disease that may weaken the vitals of our nation to the point where the Russian premier's ambiguous and challenging statement—We will bury you!—may prove no other than a profound insight into the nature of our disintegration. Not long ago a teacher in a California school, after enthusiastically praising a certain book, remarked that he could not recommend it to his students because some parent might object. This, of itself, would be appalling, but what is worse, the teacher could not visualize the fearful adumbrations cast from his own timidity. To speculate on the attitudes of future adults who have learnt their lessons under such teachers is paralyzing.

What is the nature of our disintegration?—for there can be no doubt that we are no longer honored and respected as we once were. What is the cause, and what the effect? And of what consequence is the aphasia of the moral man? Of what significance is the cowardice of a teacher? These questions concern us all. Popular myths will not long preserve a nation, and the myth of our eminence is fast vanishing in the shadows of another system. Around the world we are losing.

We are losing because we live in the house on the hill, with a white

picket fence all around.

We are losing because men and women everywhere have heard this government preach of morality with one tongue, but with another tongue speak lies both manifest and implicit. They are fast learning our morality is specious, that we commend ourselves not to what is moral but to what seems expedient. We are, at this moment, perilously near an invasion of one or more small, sovereign states because they have angered us. The world is watching, and will not be long deceived by pious ratiocination. History will remark our actions; our reasons will gather dust. The atomic bomb dropped on Hiroshima can be explained, but it can never be recalled, and historians cannot but record by what nation it was first employed. We are losing because of the iniquities of our own system, and because we do not choose to assault them.

Therefore, because we believe in the intrinsic value of this nation, we do not elect to remain silent, however prudent it may be. And if, by stating our convictions, we stand suspected, that is as it must be. And therefore, because we believe that any state which executes a man is a dangerous state, as surely as any nation which orders its soldiers into another nation, we declare our opposition to the principle of capital punishment. On the following pages are the opinions of four men well qualified to discuss the case of Caryl Chessman, a case that officially ended one year ago with his execution. The occasion for this discussion is the publication of a book, *Ninth Life*, by Milton Machlin and William Read Woodfield. (Putnam's, 321 pages, \$4.95)

Anthony Boucher covers mystery and crime for the *New York Times Book Review*. He has edited many anthologies and is the former editor of *True Crime Detective*.

William Weissich is former District Attorney of Marin County. He is now in private practice in San Rafael, California.

Kenneth Lamott's articles on San Quentin prison have appeared in *The New Yorker* and *Holiday*, and he has recently delivered to his publisher (David McKay) the manuscript of a history of San Quentin which is scheduled for fall publication.

J. W. (Jake) Ehrlich, author of *Never Plead Guilty*, is a noted defense attorney who is said to have argued more cases of murder than any other attorney in California.

It is not the intent of the editors of CONTACT to pursue its writers

after they have had their say, however, there is one statement in Mr. Weissich's review that may serve in a preceptive sense. Mr. Weissich states that *Ninth Life*, is, in effect, worthless by reason of "*Falsus in uno, falsus in omnibus*—False in one thing, false in everything." This, we may point out, is a two-edged sword. By the same dialectic, if there is one error in the transcript of the trial (there are many, of course), then that transcript must be equally worthless. Let the reader beware. Let the reader critically examine the pronouncements of all four men. These men feel very differently about the book, and about Chessman. At least one is sharply opposed to the editorial stand of this magazine. It would have been a simple matter to pack these pages with favorable witnesses, as the House UnAmerican Committee packed its gallery with favorable witnesses, but it is our conviction that if the United States is to remain genuinely free, there must be overt dissent.

On the subject of capital punishment, we register dissent from the official policy of the State of California. Recently, in Los Angeles, a murder was committed—a deliberate, careful murder. No one with the least comprehension of American psychology believed for an instant that the murderer would be executed for his crime—the reason being that he was wealthy, respected, and created a highly favorable public impression. Found guilty, he was sentenced to prison. There is the legal possibility he will be released in seven years. Caryl Chessman was accused not of murder but of sexual aggression, a fate worse than death according to the society which labored twelve years to achieve his death. This man was arrogant, he was physically ugly, he was poor, and he was, at one point surely, a vicious and menacing individual. The image he created was odious. It is for such evaluation of crime and punishment, exemplified by these two men, that we are losing.

To argue that the system whose face is set against our own is capable of infinite oppression is to do no more than attempt to evade our responsibilities. Chessman is dead; the case is closed, according to the State. It is closed like the case of Dreyfus, or that of Sacco and Vanzetti, or like the bomb that fell on Hiroshima, or the body of a Negro lynched in Mississippi. It is closed like a grain of wheat that shall one day put forth its fruit.

THE EDITORS

NINTH LIFE—FOUR VIEWS

Anthony Boucher

If there is surefire shock value in "debunking," that literary process so popular in the 1920's whereby the Great Men of History are revealed as confused sinners like the rest of us, there is possibly even greater sensation in the reverse treatment (which the cynical may be tempted to label simply "bunking"), which attempts to prove that the most cherished criminals were innocent.

Just as we have begun to get used to the notion that Richard III did not murder those poor dear little princes in the Tower, the month of May, 1961, brings new shocks: Edward D. Radin (in *Lizzie Borden: The Untold Story*, Simon & Schuster) asserts that the Fall River spinster never took an ax nor gave her mother forty whacks; and Milton Machlin and William Read Woodfield attempt to prove (in *Ninth Life*, Putnam's) that Caryl Chessman never was the Red Light Bandit.

The notion that Chessman was completely innocent (that is, of the specific crimes for which he was executed) is one that has hardly been advanced, except by Chessman himself. Even his most ardent defenders have thought him probably guilty, if unjustly convicted and disproportionately sentenced. Convincing proof of any dead man's innocence is powerful ammunition against capital punishment; but the Machlin—Woodfield argument is less than overwhelmingly cogent. It is provocative; but too many conjectures and contradictions still leave Chessman in at best the dubious category among victims of the (metaphorically speaking) hangman, along with, for instance, Timothy Evans (who may well have killed his wife Beryl, even though the prosecution's chief witness, John Reginald Halliday Christie, was later revealed as one of the great mass murderers of modern times).

But the innocence of Chessman and the presumptive guilt of Saverio (or Charles, or Joe) Terranova is a question that occupies only a small part (the last 40 pages) of this long book—despite Charles Raudebaugh of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, whose virulent review

(April 30, 1961) discusses nothing else. The body of *Ninth Life* is devoted to a full account of the case—the crimes, the trial, the countless appeals and maneuvers—which may well provide many ardent debaters of the cause, particularly outside of California, with their first notion of what was really involved.

The great mystery of the Chessman case, to my mind, is what factors made it such an international *cause célèbre*. Unlike the affairs of Dreyfus or Mooney or Sacco and Vanzetti—the only comparable cases, in world-wide impact, that I can think of—it had no inherent political significance. It entailed the death sentence for a crime other than murder; but this is by no means uncommon. Chessman was a writer; but David Lamson was an incomparably better writer (and more demonstrably an innocent man), and his peril of death stirred few outside of California. (The post mortem publication of Chessman's novel, *The Kid was a Killer*, quashed forever the myth of his literary potential). And the "cruel and unusual punishment" of being kept alive for a dozen years after sentence of death is one that any inmate of Death Row would eagerly settle for.

This mystery Machlin and Woodfield make no attempt to solve; but they present the details which made the endless appeals possible, most of which will probably come as news to the eager signers of petitions in Brazil or in Hollywood. And to me, at least, two facts seem to emerge startlingly (aside from the persistent and ineluctable fact that Authority never admits its mistakes):

- A) that the death of a court reporter, in California, automatically causes a new trial in a civil case, but not in a criminal one; and
- B) that the voice of one untrained and casual juror out of twelve can save a man from capital punishment, but not the voices of three highly specialized Supreme Court Justices out of seven.

The latter is possibly one of the irremediable paradoxes of our system; the former would seem to indicate the one clear-cut lesson of the Chessman case, as the entire twelve years of confusion spin out from the fact that reliable transcript was available and yet a new trial was refused. (Ever since it was mentioned in *Trial by Ordeal*, I have been consumed with curiosity to read the sentence in which the Court authorized, eventually, the change from "the gentleman in Esquire" to "General Eisenhower." I cannot imagine the possible context.) The authors give no indication of whether any steps have been taken to correct this extraordinary situation in future trials.

Machlin and Woodfield should, in days to come, write even more feelingly about inaccurate transcripts in view of the state in which their book has been presented to the public. In a ghoulish eagerness to match publication date with the first anniversary of the execution, the publishers have rushed the book through (from an obviously already rushed manuscript) without copyreading or even proofreading. Errors abound to such an extent that it is difficult to tell which are mistakes by the authors and which are merely typographical. Judge Evans, for instance, is from "Monro County"; the legal phrase *nunc pro tunc* means "then for now"; an initiative on the ballot is described as a "rider"; Terranova escaped from San Quentin "on August 10, 1954," during a sentence which lasted from 1942 to 1947 . . . And most specifically on the matter of transcription, the text of a threatening note sent to Mrs. Villanova, as given on page 306, differs from that shown in a photograph of the same note opposite page 131.

Such matters as these do not noticeably affect the meaning, though they shake one's faith in the less checkable data submitted. More seriously, the authors can write on page 280, "During Forbes' and Goosen's interview with Chessman at San Quentin some months before, the name Terranova had come up again, but neither of the police officers had mentioned being aware of the existence of an actual "Terranova," without remembering that on page 257 they had presented much of that interview, including the dialogue: "*Chessman*: Did you investigate and determine if there *was* any criminal named Terranova? *Goosen*: Yes, we did. As a matter of fact, we went to the . . . Identification Bureau and came back with several mug shots with the name of Joe Terranova and showed them to you." And there goes a very large part of the Red Light argument, which depends on the deliberate ignoring of Terranova by the Los Angeles police.

Books are not headlines. With a study offering to throw new light on a highly controversial case, it is more important that it be good than that it be timely. Authors under too much pressure to read the earlier pages of their own manuscript do not inspire confidence in their researches.

Such a book as this is good enough for those who wish only to seize upon it as a pretext for denouncing either California justice or Chessman and his supporters. What the case deserves, and must eventually have, is a study as meticulous and dispassionate as that in which Edward D. Radin vindicates (to his own surprise, since he undertook

his study with no partisan purpose) Lizzie Borden. A California Rad-in, an American Edgar Lustgarten could make of this case a great study in the administration of justice.

Meanwhile Machlin and Woodfield, after commendably industrious investigation, hurriedly hurl at us more of the story than is readily available anywhere else, and manage, whatever their other faults, to avoid the pious note of hagiography which has marred so many writings about Chessman (including his own).

William Weissich

"Ninth Life" could be dismissed as the pulp magazine sensationalism it essentially is if it were not for the fact that its publisher, G. P. Putnam's Sons, is presenting it to the public as a serious, factual book: a treatise promising new revelations and insight into the now world famous Caryl Chessman case. The unabashed blurb on the jacket cover claims that this is an indictment "of the state, the press, the police and the courts which will shock and awaken the American people."

I submit:

Its so-called "new revelations" are frivolous and would be so considered by anyone in the field of law enforcement;

It has a disturbing number of inaccuracies—casting a cloud on the reliability of the authors' "investigation";

Its cavalier attitude toward law, order and the courts is irresponsible in the extreme.

It will be plain to anyone who has read Chessman's three books—"Cell 2455 Death Row," "Trial by Ordeal" and "The Face of Justice"—that the authors of "Ninth Life" have simply rewritten and reworked that material for the bulk of their "new" work. Only on the last 20 pages do they bring forward purportedly fresh details.

The authors write convincingly; often in the suspenseful style of "Argosy," a men's adventure story magazine of which co-author Milton Machlin is an editor. They have created the appearance their work is carefully documented. This increases the hazard for the impressionable reader. He is led to believe that the book is objective, that both sides are given equal time and treatment. But, to anyone familiar with the long case it is immediately apparent the authors have strained to glean every bit of evidence that might be favorable to Chessman—and ignored or passed over lightly literally masses of

evidence detrimental to his case. Indeed, the book contains outright distortions of the truth. The author's biased, one-sided version is, in legal terms, analogous to an appellant's brief: very convincing *until* one reads the respondent's brief.

Now, the simple, basic facts of the case are (1) that the victims of the two crimes for which Chessman was put to death positively identified him, and (2) that he confessed to these crimes.†

The one unique or unusual aspect of the Chessman case was that the court reporter involved in the original trial died before he had fully transcribed his courtroom notes. Had this not happened, there would have been no nine lives for Mr. Chessman. He would have been executed within the time prescribed by law following his conviction.

Chessman worked for nine years to prove that the transcript of his trial, because of the court reporter's death, was inaccurate and the product of a fraudulent conspiracy among judge, district attorney and substitute court reporter. He was given an opportunity to prove his allegation in (1) a Los Angeles Superior Court, with a visiting judge presiding (from *Mono* County, not *Monro* County, as the authors state); (2) the California Supreme Court; (3) the U. S. District Court; (4) the U. S. Court of Appeals; (5) the U. S. Supreme Court. This allegation was the central point in the long years of legal procedure. Each of these courts passed on this point specifically; each ruled against Chessman.

The book's authors make much of minor errors in the Chessman transcript that were corrected at the hearing before Judge Evans, implying that the original transcript was substantially inaccurate. Any trial lawyer will tell you that all transcripts, even when prepared by the most expert court reporters, will contain minor inaccuracies. Despite their prejudice, the authors admit Judge Fricke is an upright, honest man. Fricke, who was on the bench during the original trial, certified the new transcript was correct in substance and that there were no significant errors. The whole history of the Chessman case establishes a pattern of extraordinary effort by Judge Fricke and the courts of California to produce the best transcript humanly possible.

"Ninth Life" contains many factual errors. Some serious, some rather ludicrous.

†According to the testimony of interrogating officers.—Editors.

The book refers, in the case of John Henry Fry (pg. 243), to the discovery of the actual murderer and subsequent pardon of Fry, a short time before what the authors term Fry's "execution date." The facts are that Fry pleaded guilty and was sentenced to *prison—not death*. Yet, the authors use this case to imply that the State of California nearly executed an innocent man.

On page 220, the authors state that the authorities tried to prevent Chessman from writing defensive briefs by depriving him of his ancient and well-worn typewriter. The truth is that I as the then District Attorney of Marin County (where San Quentin is located), removed the old typewriter from Chessman's cell as evidence in the pending book smuggling case.* The Attorney-General and Warden Teets then proceeded to "harrass" Chessman to the extent of furnishing him a new typewriter at state expense.

A remarkable example of fictionalizing is the book's tale of Attorney Berwyn Rice's "burro" trip to Justice Carter's "camp" (pg. 195) to obtain Chessman's fourth reprieve. The authors relate that Carter "was rustivating somewhere in the Trinity Alps of upper Marin County; nobody knew exactly where . . . and Rice, after getting an approximate fix on the judges whereabouts, pursued him so far into the woods that auto travel became impossible and he was forced to continue his trip into the northern California mountains by burro. Miraculously he found the judge, camped near a remote trail . . ." After obtaining a signed reprieve order from Judge Carter, Rice, the authors continue, "immediately remounted his burro and headed south." Unless some mysterious earth movement has displaced them, *the Alps are more than 100 miles north of Marin County. I have driven by auto to Carter's "camp"—which consists of a rather large and well-appointed cabin. No burros are needed to reach it, nor are they available. And the spectacle of a husky attorney such as Rice astride a tiny burro is as wild and ludicrous as it is erroneous.*

There is a legal maxim which goes "Falsus in uno, falsus in omnibus"—False in one thing, false in everything. The numerous and immediately refutable errors the authors have used as "fact," can hardly inspire confidence in the accuracy of the book as a whole.

*The Marin County Grand Jury returned an indictment against George T. Davis, Joseph Longstreth and Prentice-Hall publishers following the smuggling of the manuscript of "The Face of Justice" out of San Quentin. (Taking any paper into or removing it from the prison without the express consent of the warden is a criminal offense under the law.)—W.W.

The so-called "sensational post-execution revelations and discoveries" of the authors are presented as though they were startling and, somehow, would have prevented Chessman's execution had they been revealed in time.

They cite the "newly revealed" Los Angeles Sheriff's Supplementary Report Z-2637 containing the statement of victim Mrs. Regina Johnson. It does not, however, support the conclusions either factual or legal, the authors have drawn from it, showing a marked lack of knowledge of California law on their part. The crime described was completed from the legal viewpoint (*People v. Hunter* 158 CA2d 500; 322 P 2d 942). The authors claim that this document was "suppressed" and go on to state that "the penalty in California for suppressing evidence in a capital case is the gas chamber." The actual fact is that, under state law at that time, the defense was not entitled to this document. (Since then, the law has been changed; the report now would be available to the defense.) It is not suppression of evidence, but perjury in a capital case which is a death penalty offense. (Penal Code 128; *People v. Chapman* 52 Cal 2d 95, 338 P 2, 428). Further, the trial record shows that Chessman actually cross-examined Regina Johnson on the question of whether one or two men were involved in her assault. This refutes the author's claim that the point was not raised.

Nor does the original report of statements made by victim Mary Alice Meza contain anything startling to anyone familiar with police and crime reports. While efficient police report writing prescribes that all details be written down, any prosecutor or police executive can verify that this is seldom done during the initial interview with a victim in a shocked, hysterical or disturbed condition. Complete and descriptive details are left for a subsequent and calmer interview.

While the authors raise a lot of questions about Charles Terranova and the extent of his guilt in the case, they answer none. Stripped of provocative speculation, his role seems to be simply that he was found in Texas, arrested and denied being the "Red Light Bandit." The authors quote apparently incriminating remarks made by Mrs. Terranova about her husband. These came from a woman who had been deserted, and who had served a jail sentence for a crime she committed at her husband's instigation. She hardly could be considered a reliable, unbiased source of information about her errant husband.

The saga of the desert map—which a private investigator just happened to let the authors filch from his wallet—smacks of too much “Argosy” fiction. Nevertheless, what does it prove in the “Red Light Bandit case?” It only provides another peg for “Ninth Life’s” catalogue of innuendo.

The authors claim that both Mrs. Terranova and Chessman’s parents received threats. I might point out that almost anyone connected with a case such as Chessman’s gets threats. This is a standard occurrence. I, as a matter of fact, have a whole drawer full of threats, received over the years as a district attorney.

At no time do the authors give tangible, clear evidence of Chessman’s innocence. They only hint at it.

Every state and federal official connected with the case was out of step, the authors seems to be saying, while on the other hand, all Chessman’s aiders and abettors were well-motivated, honorable and, in short, The Good Guys. Even without going into a rundown on the characters and reputations of many of the authors’ pro-Chessman heroes, can an open, unbiased mind accept the enormity of the book’s thesis that literally dozens of officials—including Supreme Court justices, trial judges, governors, attorneys-general, district attorneys and police officials—were *all* blind to the facts, insensible to their oaths of office, and motivated solely by a mass obsession to “kill Chessman,” guilty or innocent?

I state that it is irresponsible for the authors and publisher to place in the hands of the public a book which slanders respected officials, yet fails to offer even the slightest evidence that they conspired or perpetrated an injustice against the late Caryl Chessman.

Kenneth Lamott

THE PEOPLE WHO opposed the execution of Caryl Chessman could be roughly divided into either Lawyers, who objected to the judicial process that led Chessman to the gas chamber, or Philosophers, who objected to the gas chamber itself. By the time Chessman was killed, the Philosophers were in the ascendant, with their most sophisticated argument running approximately as follows: “Let us start out by

admitting Chessman is guilty. Our objection is not so much against executing a man who may be innocent as against the revolting obscenity of executing any man at all." (I can, in any case, remember using this argument myself.) Now, with the publication of Milton Machlin and William Read Woodfield's book *Ninth Life*, the Lawyers' case is revived, and revived with so much vigor that it is sure to cause acute discomfort among the Philosophers who conceded Chessman's guilt in their pursuit of the larger cause.

The authors are an editor of *Argosy* magazine and a free-lance writer who entered the case a month before Chessman was executed, and, as they put it, emerged from their interviews at San Quentin "with a mandate from the condemned man to find the truth behind the actual circumstances of the crimes." Their version of the truth makes for a fascinating and disturbing book even though it is a book flawed by some gross carelessness in detail.

Leaving aside these flaws for the moment, *Ninth Life* makes out a strong case that Chessman was probably innocent of the crimes for which he was sentenced to death; that even if guilty, the crimes for which he was arrested were turned into capital crimes through a perversion of the judicial process; that the celebrated transcript is virtually worthless as a record of Chessman's trial; and, finally, that Chessman's death was made certain by the indecent eagerness of some public officials to cover up each others' mistakes.

One of the most curious things about the Chessman case is that few of the people who became emotionally involved one way or the other could describe with any precision at all the crimes for which he died. It is safe to say that the general impression is that he was responsible for repeated acts of brutal sexual terrorism inflicted on couples parked in the Los Angeles hills. Part of this misapprehension is due to the prosecutor's natural inclination to make the alleged crimes appear as heinous as possible, and part to the Nasty Nellyism of the newspapers, whose euphemisms for felonious sexual behavior can suggest conduct that would have embarrassed Jack the Ripper. The authors deserve our thanks for publishing the hitherto suppressed reports filed by police officers who interviewed the two women who were Chessman's alleged victims.

The first victim, Regina Johnson, told a sheriff's sergeant that, after forcing her into his car, the "Red Light Bandit" asked to have normal sexual intercourse with her. When she protested that she was

menstruating, according to the sergeant's report, "He grabbed her by the back of the neck with his right hand and forced her head into his lap with her mouth against his penis, which was exposed. Just at this time another car came up the hill and he released her." Mrs. Johnson later testified in court that she had actually been forced to complete the act of oral copulation. For reasons that are all too easy to understand, the original report was never made available to Chessman's defense.

In the same way, the original report of the attack on 17-year-old Mary Alice Meza falls somewhat short of the courtroom version. Later in the day on which she was attacked, Miss Meza told the interviewing policewoman that the bandit had "attempted penetration, but in a very half-hearted way, using no force, and not forcing an entrance. Penetration was not accomplished, and after a few minutes suspect got up and ordered the victim out of the car, telling victim to dress. After dressing, they returned to the car and suspect asked victim where she lived. Suspect then drove victim to within a block of her home and let her out of the car, admonishing her 'to be sensible and not get any publicity about this.'" The following sentence, according to the authors, was appended almost as an afterthought, "Before the act of disrobing began, victim told suspect she was menstruating and suspect said 'oh all right, you can put your mouth on it then.'" But the report does not say this act was carried out.

If, for the sake of argument, Chessman's guilt is conceded, these unedifying details became the heart of the case, for, however repellent the behavior described here may be, it is not either legally or morally a capital offense. The point at issue is that "bodily harm" is required to make kidnapping a capital crime under California's "Little Lindbergh Law." So far as precedent goes, the only previous executions under this provision of the law had all involved substantial physical damage. In his insistence on the "bodily harm" involved, the prosecutor, J. Miller Leavy, clearly appears to have gone beyond a decent enthusiasm for his case. Leavy is said to have displayed to skeptics a portfolio of photographs of the mutilated bodies of victims of a sex maniac—but none of these had any demonstrated connection with Chessman.

The case for Chessman's outright innocence rests largely on the authors' identification of a hoodlum named Charles Terranova as

the Red Light Bandit, an identification which was the basis for the final writ filed on Chessman's behalf. Terranova was a contemporary of Chessman's at the Whittier and Preston reform schools, and later at San Quentin and Folsom. The authors theorize that he was Chessman's partner in the bookmaker-shakedown racket, and that he, and not Chessman, was the Red Light Bandit. On the authors' showing, he appears to fit the description of the Red Light Bandit better than Chessman and, according to information they obtained from his wife, was capable of violent sexual behavior. This material adds up to a good *prima facie* case, but, barring more new evidence or a confession by Terranova, not a conclusive one. (Terranova, whose existence was scoffed at by Leavy, was arrested in El Paso several weeks after Chessman's execution, but, understandably, he declined the opportunity to discuss his possible guilt with one of the authors.)

The faulty transcript of Chessman's trial has already taken the same place in this case as the disputed Woodstock typewriter assumed in the case of Alger Hiss. The authors' contribution to this aspect of the case is to trace in detail the process whereby, after the death of the original court reporter, the transcript was prepared by Stanley Fraser, an alcoholic uncle of J. Miller Leavy, and was accepted as a valid court record. The most startling material introduced in this connection is a photograph of Fraser's FBI record, showing repeated arrests for drunkenness. One of these is said to have occurred while Fraser was working on the Chessman transcript. The account of the attempts to correct Fraser's transcript has some amusing entries, one of the most pleasant of these coming with the revelation that a phrase transcribed by Fraser as "the gentleman in *Esquire*" was later revised to read "General Eisenhower."

Finally, *Ninth Life* raises again a disturbing suggestion that, in its implications as to the state of justice in California, was one of the most distressing things to become evident toward the end of the case. This was the strong impression made by public officials from Leavy and trial judge Charles Fricke to the officials of San Quentin that they had exhausted their patience and were determined to finish Chessman off, and with his death to close his annoying case.

Machlin and Woodfield ask, "Was there a monstrous conspiracy which engulfed the police, the courts, the jailers, and the governor's office?" Their answer is, "Hardly. But a study of the reaction of people in authority indicates that it was Chessman's roosterlike pride,

his prickly self-esteem, his 'arrogance and lack of contrition' which started the ball of errors rolling, first with the police, then with Judge Fricke, and later with many others. As time went on the errors were compounded. One official tried to cover up for another, or at least to have Chessman executed and the matter closed once and for all. Why should a judge or any other official want to harm the reputation of a responsible and respectable colleague who may have erred from excess of zeal, in order to save the hide of an 'arrogant,' defiant and antisocial criminal?"

This is good, and I wish it had appeared in the last pages of a more carefully written book. The worth of a book such as *Ninth Life* depends almost entirely on the competence of the authors as reporters. I am puzzled and distressed by Machlin and Woodfield's inability to get minor and easily verified facts down correctly. Because I was employed at San Quentin during several of the years Chessman spent on the Row, I read the references to the prison with more than casual interest. I am sorry to have to report that when it comes to such details as the names and titles of the San Quentin hierarchy, the authors are wrong as often as they are right. It doesn't, of course, make any substantive difference if Louis Nelson is identified as "Death Row Warden" rather than "Captain," if his first name is elsewhere misspelled, and if Clinton Duffy's middle initial is given as "P" rather than "T" (for Truman), but this sort of carelessness occurs again and again, and rather shakes one's confidence in the authors' grip on their material.

There are other mistakes that are farther removed from simple typos. The wilderness of the Trinity Alps is located in "upper Marin County," which is actually a green and pleasant land populated by dairy cattle and San Francisco commuters. Clinton Duffy is portentously quoted as revealing after thirty years' silence a gallows-room story that he actually told to all the world in his book *The San Quentin Story*, published ten years before Chessman's execution. Although the authors speak of California law in tones of authority, a comparison of the long footnote on page 82 and of the text on page 313 shows that they are not quite sure how many executions under the "Little Lindbergh Law" preceded Chessman's.

None of these errors has any bearing on the main case, but all of them could easily have been avoided if the authors had done their homework properly. Carelessness in detail has blighted the careers

of a wretched army of cub reporters and is simply inexcusable when committed by experienced writers who pride themselves on their reverence for fact and who grimly nail down other people's minor errors with a (sic).

In this respect, *Ninth Life* is a botched book, and unfriendly reviewers will waste no time in pointing out the mistakes. But a botched book can be interesting and even useful, and that is the case with this one, for by sheer sweating and straining Machlin and Woodfield have managed to drag into the light several things about the Chessman case that, I hope, will upset other people as much as they upset me.

NOTE

The editors also wish to call interested readers' attention to a second book on the subject.

Beyond a Reasonable Doubt? by William M. Kuntsley.....The Original Trial of Caryl Chessman (William Murrow & Company, \$5.95)

"A defendant in a criminal action is presumed to be innocent until the contrary is proved, and in case of a reasonable doubt whether his guilt is satisfactorily shown, he is entitled to an acquittal, but the effect of this presumption is only to place upon the state the burden of proving him guilty beyond a reasonable doubt. Reasonable doubt is defined as follows: It is not a mere possible doubt; because everything relating to human affairs, and depending on moral evidence, is open to some possible or imaginary doubt. It is that state of the case which, after the entire comparison and consideration of all the evidence, leaves the minds of the jurors in that condition that they cannot say they feel an abiding conviction, to a moral certainty, of the truth of the charge."

An excerpt from Judge Charles W. Fricke's charge to the Chessman jury, May 20, 1948.

As quoted in *Beyond a Reasonable Doubt?*

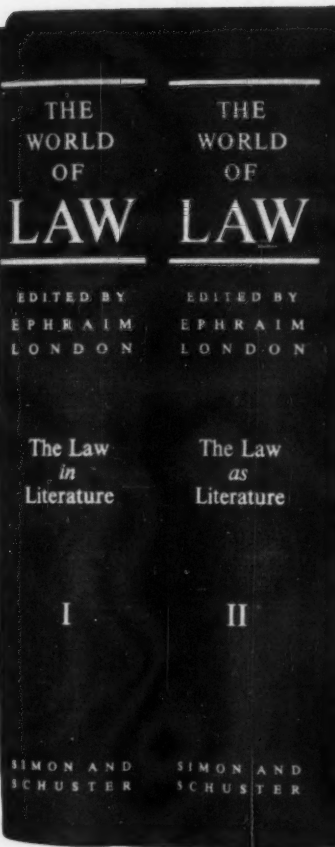
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APRIL 26, 1961

WILLIAM RYAN, ESC.
P. O. Box 755
SAUSALITO, CALIF.

MY DEAR MR. RYAN:

IT WAS GOOD OF YOU TO VISIT WITH ME THIS WEEK, AND I HAVE SINCE READ NINTH LIFE. IT IS A WELL DOCUMENTED BRIEF, AND SHOULD HAVE GREAT AFFECT ON THOSE WHO READ THIS STORY OF A MISCARRIAGE OF JUSTICE.

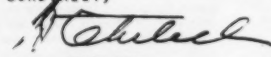
I HAD FULLY INTENDED WRITING A REVIEW OF THE BOOK, BUT BEING ENGAGED IN THE PRACTICE OF THE LAW, I DO NOT DEEM IT ETHICAL TO COMMENT ON SOME OF THE ACTS OF THE VARIOUS LAWYERS MENTIONED IN THE BOOK, NOR OF THE DOCUMENTED EVIDENCE NOT CONSIDERED BY THEM.

IT IS UNFORTUNATE THAT OUR COURTS DID NOT GRANT A RE-TRIAL AFTER THE TRANSCRIPT OF THE EVIDENCE WAS QUESTIONED. IT IS EQUALLY UNFORTUNATE THAT MOST PEOPLE BELIEVE THAT MARY ALICE MEZA WAS COMMITTED TO CAMARILLO BECAUSE OF THE ALLEGED CONDUCT OF CHESSMAN. IN ADDITION, I MUST RESERVE TO MYSELF AN OPINION OF JUDGE FRICKE, WHO TRIED THE CASE.

MR. MAKLIN AND MR. WOODFIELD ARE TO BE COMPLEMENTED ON A PERFECT JOB IN THEIR PRESENTATION OF THE TRUE CIRCUMSTANCES SURROUNDING THE CHESSMAN CASE. IF THE GENERAL PUBLIC WOULD ONLY READ NINTH LIFE, PERHAPS CALIFORNIA AS A STATE WOULD STOP MURDERING PEOPLE WITH MALICE AFORETHOUGHT.

I HOPE THAT THIS LETTER WILL AID YOU IN BRINGING TO CALIFORNIA AND TO THE WORLD A TRUE PICTURE OF THE TERROR CALLED "CAPITAL PUNISHMENT."

CORDIALLY,


J. W. EHRLICH

JWE:MEH

The Spectator

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George Barker

THE MAIDENHAIR VESSEL WITH ITS CRADLING CHAIN

O misted woods hanging on a hill
Under a dirty sky of those November
Evenings when only streams are not still
And even Autumn knows that it is sombre
And images like reflected faces fill
The welling memory, I know I shall remember
Your evergreen aviaries of the past until
I add my lineage to your sacred number.

No valediction was the last image of
My trudging love that I her hunter had
With her hair tawny and tossed, and the courage of
Those who foresee defeat and are not sad,
I saw her traipsing down the evening
Track with a glass milk jug held in her arms
And now never again shall all my loving
Even in a dream ever bring her back.

O love, my milk and honey dove, what mist
Came down and hid you from me ever after,
With that glass pearled in your hand and the honey kissed
Into the curl of your combs and your small laughter
Like the dancing of watered light? What beast
Stepped from behind a bush and dragged down
Your gathering-love-in-a-mist face to its breast
Smothering in rage what it could never own?

Into that empty house, whence you have so
Improvidentally taken a last leave
I again turn in the evening, but find no
Echo of your possession or your love.
What walls could ever imitate your dove
Calling in silence from its amorous cage?
What glittering shadows ever shift or move
So near as the whispering icon of your face?

Was it the unicorn of my long horned pride
Crushed your lost milkmaid underneath that hill?
I had not thought that any beast could kill
Such innocence of spirit, but would ride
Roughshod as through a morning of early May
And not leave a hoofmark upon the day.
Now I have seen a butchered dawn lie still
Where it was broken by the brute I ride.

But these sad monsters weep beside the streams
Their elephantine vanity has ploughed up:
The heart of the tyrant is scored with his crimes;
Not every bridegroom knows when the fury should stop
And let its victims rest. I loved too much
The maidenhair vessel with its cradling chain
And capturing it in that berserker clutch
Shattered what no remorse could restore again.

There is no shame and no pity; only regret
That innocence must either alter or die.
And mercifully the evening can forget
Its morning glories. Who could blame the high
Sun because it burns a dawn into noon,
Or dolls the midday bird with hanging veils
In the lascivious evening? But too soon
I harried a pearl into a hunter's moon.

Only the whole world now turns between us
My unreturning dove. Only the whole
Unholy world, and nothing, nothing more.
Hesper is not nearer now to Venus
Than I to you where you flutter alone
By a vast sea, on a dark shore.
It is not very far from pole to pole—
They marry at the middle of the star.

George Barker is considered by many to be England's finest living poet. He certainly is one of the most controversial and vigorous. His family was part Irish and he now lives in Rome. He has a great many children.

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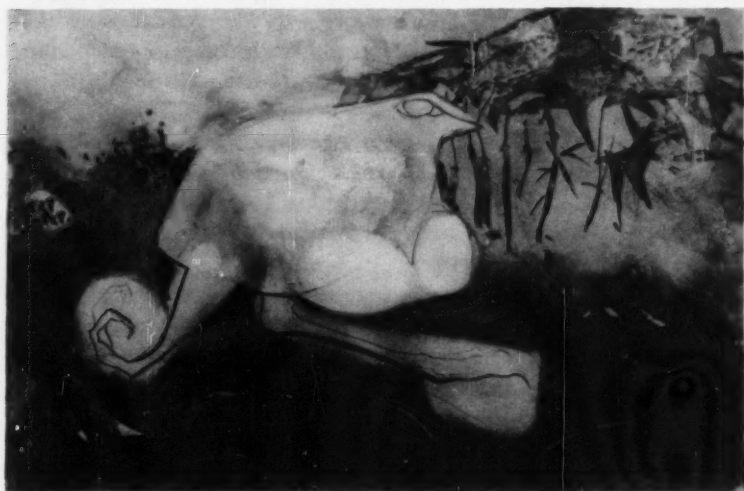
West Coast tenor saxophonist Bill Perkins • Photo by Bill Gamble



Ed McClanahan

THE LITTLE KNOWN BIRD OF THE INNER EYE

HE DOES NOT know that I exist. Or, if he does, he must see me the way a wild canary sees a birdwatcher, through the big end of the fieldglasses, a tiny thing a million miles away, while the canary be-



Don Reich

"Bird"

Courtesy Roy Hensley Collection, Berkeley

comes, to the watcher, enormous, framed in a double-vision circle bigger than the earth.

But once he did. For three whole days he knew me, and we even almost talked once.

I am again on that street for the first time. It is one of those warm, gray northwest Fall days that bear with them a feeling of rain, even though it will not rain for several weeks yet. The town surrounds me with images of decay. Vacant, rotting houses, empty shop windows, the stinking corpse of a dog wheelmarked in a gutter, fat flies

Edward McClanahan was born in Kentucky. He received his BA from Miami University in Ohio and his MA in English Literature from the University of Kentucky. He has taught English for three years and this year, short story writing at Oregon State College. "The Little Known Bird of the Inner Eye" takes its name from the painting by Morris Graves. It is his first published work.

at its eyeballs. The blind eyes of people on the streets, faces rotten with worry, despair. And behind the low roofs the looming barrenness of the gray hills, stump-pocked, pressing heavy with dead weight against the town. Fruit cannot drop through this thick air. . .

Yet I had come for beauty, to this place where there were hardly even shadows (for lack of trees to cast them). Had carefully in Kansas made my choice of places (1927 *World Atlas*: "... heartland of the great Pacific Northwest timber country . . . abounds with lush forests . . ."), had driven truck and fed a starving cement mixer, saved money, fought my father ("I dont see why the goddam hell that you cant be an artist right here in . . ." "I'll go back to college next year. What you cant see is this is something I have got to do. It's my own goddam money . . .").

And got here, too, smelling of busses, riding the last of those only yesterday into this vast dead orchard haunted by the ghosts of long gone trees. I had stood and watched the bus roar off and leave me in this place far worse than Kansas, and said to myself I'd by God stay till Spring no matter what.

Whatever thing it was that made me say that had its substance in my suitcase, where there were traveller's checks, and chisels, sketch pads, brushes and one fine new welding torch. My pride in those things got me through the day, though their weight to carry made me take the first room I could find, a long, dusty loft above a garage, with rafters, a greasy sink, and one small window. But by afternoon it also had a hotplate, some plastic dishes, whitewashed walls, a chair and table (with my torch a centerpiece), a used mattress (soon to make some logger's lusty daughter happy?), and a rented acetylene tank with needled eyes that followed me about the room. At night I tried some sketches, gave it up, and slept off two days of busses, dreaming of blond-breasted girls who loved me for the beard already started.

But now today, and this street, as warm and moist as the gut of the dead dog. I seek an open door, and find one, beneath quivering neon: *Orville's Eye-Deal*.

The room is long, narrow, dark, lighted only by a second neon sign, red, *Heidelberg Beer*, above the big mirror behind the long bar. Behind the bar, a fat man in a white shirt reads a newspaper. His white shirt becomes, in the mirror, red from the red neon. He does not look up until he hears the barstool scrape on the bare floor as I sit down.

"Heidelberg," I tell him. In the dark coolness of the room my sweat turns cold, and I can smell its cooling.

As he hands me the beer I see the word Orville stitched in careful script above the pocket of his shirt. He looks pleasant in his fatness, and when he grins he shows bad teeth.

"You aint been in before," he tells me.

"No. I just got in town yesterday. From Kansas."

"Well, if you're smart you'll get right back out again. Kansas? I wish I had me Kansas and this place had a feather up its ass. Then we'd both be tickled. You aint here to look for work?"

"No." I hesitate, wondering how to say it so it will sound as if I said it often. Then, "I'm an artist. A sculptor."

(Too much pride there; I should have practiced saying it. But Orville only laughs.) "Hell of a place for an artist to come to. When I come here twelve years ago it was a pretty place. But now there aint no trees. Or hardly any. They was seven thousand people here in this town then, and now there aint but two thousand, and they aint here for long. It takes trees to run a lumber town."

"Well, I hope it lasts till Spring. Because that's as long as I'll be here."

Orville grins. "I expect it will. But dont bet on it. I'm goin to the can. You holler if anybody comes in. Holler Or-ville." He disappears through a door at the far end of the bar.

I study my image in the mirror. The glass glows translucent red from the beer sign, and the reflection of my face absorbs the redness, and is absorbed by it. I study it more closely, squinting, suddenly aware of something else there in the red, a movement, something alive. And then I see them, just above the image of my right shoulder, a pair of tiny yellow eyes, bright with fear, a triangle of a face too small to be a face, chinless, straggled gray goat-beard beneath a slit of mouth, nose that is a beak and not a nose at all, the eyes, the eyes that glisten yellow-white in the shadow of the old hat pulled down to cover as much as possible, and all the rest is redly glowing. *He is not really there behind me at all, but here inside my head, looking out through my own eyeballs at my reflection in the glass.*

I turn on my stool—slowly, slowly—to face him and he is really there, near the wall, a creature so small within the great mackinaw coat and heavy loggers' boots that it does not seem possible he could even carry them, let alone wear them. As I look at him his eyes glisten

even brighter, and I see a slight movement somewhere within the enormous coat, as if the frail body is not wearing it, but hiding in it.

"Hello," I say, in a voice so gentle that I can hardly believe it is my own. "Would you like a beer?"

The eyes turn pure gold, and the mouth twitches once, twice, and there is a sound not human but almost visible, like a musical note hanging there gleaming in the dark silence, a coo, a trill, filled with fear as the song of the emperor's nightingale, and I suddenly stare blankly at the bare wall where he stood. He is gone, almost without my realizing his going, the great boots taking him strangely soundless through the open door and gone, the boots filled not with human feet but spindly-fingered things that clutch electric wires all night, head tucked under wing, the sandpiper feet that flee the giant waves on the hard sand.

A voice behind me. Orville, returning silent from the can. "Bet you never seen one like him before," laughing.

"No," I tell him, turning back to my beer. "Who is he?"

"Name is Freddy, I dont know what else. Been around here ever since I can remember, all his life, I guess. They say he comes from a family all normal sized, he's the only one of the bunch that's like that."

"What's he do for a living?"

"He's got a little place out towards the coast, where the loggers aint got to yet, just a little old shack made out of logs and mud, with pasture for two, three cows and a little garden space. He's got an old pick-up truck, too, and he comes to town pretty near every afternoon. He most always come in here, but it's a funny thing, he dont never drink anything, a beer or anything. Just stands around, off back in the corner where he dont get stepped on by the loggers when they're in here after they get off work. They are a pretty rough bunch, but they dont seem to bother him any, they let him alone, and so it's kind of like he wants to be where they're at even if they are so big and it scares him. Would you have another beer?"

I did. I had another beer, and then another, and several more, and the loggers came to fill the long room with noises and hardhats, and in the men's room a heavy-muscled logger showed me where his buddy with the clap had pulled the water pipes loose from the wall above the urinal, and Freddy did not come back that day. I walked home in the gray twilight, the dead hills smoked with hot fog, and no

bird sang. That night I made red sketches, dozens of them, yet even as I made them knew he was not there, that when he left he took himself along, left nothing there to copy down with crayons.

But the next afternoon I was back in Orville's, and so was Freddy, crouching furtive and fearful amid the muscles and hardhats, handful of trembling terror caressed gently by the rough noises of loggers drinking, loggers saying soft as they came in "Hello Freddy" in which was unsaid *I helped cut down the tree your nest was maybe in today, and damn I'm sorry*, and then they drank and laughed and did not look at him again. And they teased him only once, when a giant all shoulders and beard and belly said through foam, "Aaaah, cmon, Freddy, have a beer!" I watched the golden glitter, the tiny twitch, the sudden absence, too quick to call it disappearance, of him from the room. "Now see what you done, big sunnabitch. You run him off now. You know he dont never." The last another logger, or two, or three, all edgevoiced angry at their friend, who said, "Well, sheeit," but looked sorry and said no more. So I went home too.

The next day, then. Just me and Orville, for a while. Orville saying (wiping glasses) "It's a funny thing how they are about him. They dont like for one another to tease him. I see them get in fights over it sometimes. It's just how they are about him."

Soon after Orville said that, Freddy was there, just there, coming not through the door but emerging, tiny red triangle face, in the mirror, like always, a fist of face on wrist of neck, watching as I watched. A movement in the little throat, and I waited, Great Bird-watcher in the Sky, Cosmological Ornithologist, to catch the song that's caught by hearing, to trap the prey that's trapped by seeing. It came finally, the wordnotes hanging fragile and quivering in the dark air:

"I . . . I dont drink no beer." And he was gone again.

I had him. And having caught him, in the moment of catching lost him. Then this was mine: to see the bird, to hear the song, to possess only the hearing and seeing, no more, no pinch of salt would help me. Yet still I hoped, and hoping brought me back to Orville's the next day, the fourth.

A woman. A woman at the bar, alone except for Orville, talking loud to him, like a logger. I came in in the middle of a sentence.

"... so he threw me out. After I had rode all the way from Seattle with him in that god damn truck, and I treated him good all the

way, and the son of a bitch threw me out. When he could of took me clear to Fresno. So now I got to hitchhike all that way."

She did not notice me until she heard my quarter hit the bar. Then she turned. "Why hello, honey. Why dont you buy me a beer too?"

I looked at her, suddenly aware of perspective that the darkness of the room had at first obscured. She was a giantess, huge, not fat, great muscular body bound tight in shiny black velvet pants and sleeveless vest, hard thighs bursting, massive breasts heavy yet held high and full, and as she spoke she leaned toward me flashing white teeth in lips like blood, then slid to the next stool nearer me, moving somehow graceful, a cormorant that is too big to fly yet can and does it with that heavy flowing grace when hunting little things. Close to my face now the mass of wild black hair, and I could smell its warm electric. One hard breast touched my arm. My hand trembled as I dropped another quarter on the bar.

Orville reached for a second beer. "All right. You can have this one. But if you drink any more you got to buy it yourself. I dont mind for a man to buy a lady a beer, but you cant come in here to bum."

"Christ," she said. "I bought one already, didnt I? What the hell is it to you who pays for me a beer?" She turned back to me. "Here I come all this way, and they all treat me like this. Clear from Ketchikan I come, and then this bastard throws me out of his god damn truck, way out on the highway so I have to walk clear into town, and now this bastard dont want to sell me beer. What a god damn hole."

"Ketchikan?" I said.

"You know. Alaska. All that way." She raised her bottle to drink, and as she did I felt her hand on my leg, rubbing, saw the hand there, thick-fingered, strong, nails long and polished whitesilver, cruel hand, hand taloned to tear open small soft bellies with, and I wished it had not touched me.

"What did you leave for?" (The hand I wanted gone still there.)

"Winter," she said. "Two god damn cold up there. I'm goin to Fresno till it gets warmer. I cant stand. . ." The fingers tightened suddenly on my thigh, the talons in my flesh, and she was staring at the mirror, seeing there the little face, flecks of gold that glistened already not for me and loggers ever again, but for her, for midair

mating with the eagle swooping screaming openclawed upon him.

Freddy.

She whirled on her stool to face him. "Well Lord God," her voice for once not loud, yet still it broke the silence like a shriek.

"You let him alone," Orville said from behind the bar. "He aint botherin you none."

"Hell's fire," she said, louder, "I aint goin to hurt him." Freddy stood against the wall, and I thought I saw a flutter of his heart, a tiny tremor in the mackinaw. "If you aint the littlest son of a bitch I ever saw." She motioned to him. "Come over here."

He came to her, boots soundless on the wood floor, and her with claw distended, talons sinking light in mackinaw, gone, she picked up beer and them gone, guiding him to the far end of the bar, them too far from me, one-two-six stools off, her talking quiet to him, and all I heard was, "You sure a little son of a bitch." And over tiny shoulder I saw the last of glitter, the end of twitch.

Then loggers. Standing strangely off, almost silent—"Hey, Arch, have a beer" but quiet, no hello Freddy, no *I cut down*—listening, her talking soft so none could hear. And finally pointed silver and brown bottle upturned, she standing massive bending for small square bag on floor, and they (claws making deep dents in the mackinaw) moved through the door, he looking not at us but her, to the sidewalk and gone.

Orville came from behind the bar and followed them, the room quiet with breathholding, fat Orville through the door standing motionless on the sidewalk, looking after them. A long time passed that way. And then Orville came back, shrugging fat shoulders, "They went to the Timely Hotel. Went right in, by God."

"Went right in," Orville said not much later, the loggers gone, the room soft in dark silence. And I went home to my room, the walls all red from sketches pinned, the products of three nights' restless crayon, pulled them down and carefully ripped them into small neat squares (twohanded tossed the pieces up and bathed on my bed in their gentle rain). Because I knew then that no craft could make of him a work of art that one could touch; too delicate; the slightest breath would crush it. But in the night I awoke with sweat and trembling, all tangled in the clammy sheet, and made another sketch, this time no red but dead charcoal on white, a black thing winged and huge with cruel beak and claws that dripped black blood.

The next day there was no Freddy. But Orville said, "He's done been in today. And you know what he done, he bought hisself a case of beer—didn't even know what kind he wanted, so I gave him Heidelberg—and he carried it off, but it was like it weighed a ton, and I guess it did, to him. So I went out to the street and watched him, and he hauled it down there to the Timely Hotel. So I reckon she's still there."

"Well," I said, "I guess what he does is his own business."

"No it aint," Orville said. "I could of stopped it. I could of threw her out before he came in yesterday. But hell, I didnt know." He looked down, his fat face sagged with sadness.

That night in the studio, the sketch before me, I made my own red glow, black iron that turned to solid fire in the soft roar of heat from the welding torch, and a thing took slow shape as I worked. When I could work no more, I stood and looked at its just-started form, and saw the bigness of it, as big as there was iron to make it, then saw not it but her, her body crushing his beneath it in the rumpled Timely bed, not him on top but under, his soft plucked belly scoured bloody by the coarse hair rubbing, the great breasts swaying staring blind into the golden eyes, the claws scraping bright ribbons in the taut opalescent skin of his palmwide back. Black velvet flung to drape limp and shapeless across a chair, battered hat jaunty on the bedpost, mackinaw, pants, boots on the floor by the bed, and there the image ends, but what strange loves have those walls seen?

Then weeks of work, nights of watching iron dead and cold take life from heat and grow until at last I could perceive in it the vision, could almost hear the beating of the iron wings and the roaring rush of sky-thinned air in the spinning plunge from the clouded sun, cold talons tensed to seize the small warm body heedless hovering far below. And sometimes, as I twisted sweating steel to fashion those cruel claws, I felt them clutch and tear the flesh of my own back, and knew a little of what Freddy knew.

To Orville's only once in all that time. I fled the beaked black angel with its ponderous looming grace, fled through cold dry rain (dry because it had no life to water) to Orville's warmth and beer, and he said:

"You aint been in lately."

"I had a lot of work to do."

"Freddy still comes in to get the case. Ever day," he said.

"She . . .?"

"Still there," Orville said. "I got the whole thing from the night clerk at the Timely. Now you aint goin to believe this."

"What?" I said.

"The bridal suite, by God. You wouldnt think they had one at the Timely, but they do, and them two took it. About a week after they first went up there, and been there ever since. It costs three-fifty a day, and when they went there is when he sold his pick-up truck. At first he just stayed up there during the day, and then went home of an evening. But they say now he dont never leave town."

"The bridal suite?" I said.

"Yes by God," Orville said. "And there aint nobody seen her since that first day she come in here. She dont never leave the room, just sends him out to run for hamburgers about six times a day. They say last week he took out a loan from the bank on his place, too. He couldn't of got much, though, nobody wants it. It aint worth nothing to nobody but him. So I reckon it wont be long, now."

The door behind me rattled, and I turned to see for the first time the entrance of Freddy, who came no more by way of mirrors (had he ever?). Saw the clenched gray face, eyes sunk goldless in the gray, drained, their gold sucked out to pay for beer bought by the case, for hamburgers, for bridal suite.

"Case of Heidel . . . berg," he said, voice tiny, weak, its music suffocated by the struggle to say the words. His hand disappeared somewhere within the mackinaw, searching, emerged with crumpled dollars as Orville brought the beer. I saw the buckling of the little legs as he lifted the heavy case, heard him moan faintly, helpless watched him stagger as he moved through the door held open by a logger coming in. The logger filled the doorway as he watched Freddy and his burden go.

"Aint a god damn thing a man can do to help him," Orville said. "I want to tell him ever time he comes. But hell, I cant, I dont know what I'd say, even if I could tell him."

That night I embedded in the hot soft iron of a taloned horny palm a small red feather, a secret hidden there that none but I would ever know.

And went no more for weeks to Orville's, but worked and saw completion of the black birdangel, anchored now by a heavy concrete base, and wondered that my floor could hold up. Wondered too

how I could get it home to Kansas in the Spring, devised fantastic plans for making shipment money, even though I knew that I was wasting dreams, that she would roost there till she pulled the building down upon herself, an eagle's aerie fallen to the town's dead dust. For I had neither door nor window big enough to free her from my loft, and she was trapped for good.

Yet when at night I lay on my mattress and watched her swooping motionless in the corner of my room, I was glad for the safety of that concrete anchor, because sometimes in my sleep I heard the heavy beating wings and felt myself carried up towards the fog-hazed moon, claws loosening in my flesh, plunging, whirling, my body jerking awake as it broke the highest branches of the tallest trees. Those times, I stayed awake to think of little birds, new-hatched, lying bluebellied in puddles on Spring sidewalks after storms.

"She's gone. Been gone oh about two months, I guess it is. She left just like she come here, all of a sudden, and nobody seen her leave. Except the night man at the Timely, said she left way late at night, dressed the same as when she come, with them black pants and all. But he said she had on a red coat, looked like it was brand new."

"Coat?" I said. "She didnt have a coat that first day."

"That's what I said, too. So I asked around, and I found out he bought it for her. Freddy, I mean. They claim he walked right in the Bon Ton Shop, they say he had a bag of hamburgers with him, and told them what he wanted, and what size, and they showed one to him and he paid cash for it and walked right out. Didn't even have them wrap it up. Just carried it off, with the hamburger bag stuck out to keep from gettin grease on it."

"What happened to him when she left?"

"They say he stayed up there in that room, that bridal suite, for three whole days. All by hisself, and never come out to eat or nothing. So finally they got worried down at the Timely, and they went up and banged on the door, and after they had banged for a long while the door opened and he come out. Never said a word, just walked right past them and on down the stairs and stood at the desk till somebody come and told him how much he owed. And then he pulled out a handful of money, the night man said they had to count it for him, and they give him back two dollars of it, and he went on out."

"Was two dollars all that he had left?"

"I reckon. The bank took over his place some while back, and sold

it to the lumber company. They claim they're goin to log off his trees and start up a new mill out there. I've bought me a piece of ground near where it's at, and I guess I'll build me a new place when they start up. But I reckon you want to know what's become of him."

"Yes."

"Well, if you stay here awhile today you'll find out. He goes around behind the stores to pick up bottles and newspapers they've throwed out. He brings the bottles here to sell to me. Dont nobody know where he sleeps, and they say he eats mostly just scraps out of the garbage, but whenever he gets enough bottle money saved up he goes down to the White Castle restaurant and buys himself a hamburger. You wait around a while, you'll see him, he'll be in."

But I didn't. I didn't wait to see a treeless Freddy, earthbound for lack of branches. I went instead back to my room and through my window watched a sparrow in wet misery ruddle on a telephone wire. Then slow darkness, and through the sparrow's feet curled tight about the wire hummed currents somewhere felt by Freddy's feet, his boots collecting raindrops at the bottom of the pole.

A street light soon came on, and my iron bird cast a great black shadow on the wall, with my own shadow cowering under it. I reached out to touch her steel claw, clasped it tightly, saw my white fingers take those cold black talons, and felt a feathery tickle in my palm.

Such tickles there are but the rub of love, and feeling it I saw that room again, this time not Freddy's but my own breath smothered in the hot flesh of her breasts, my own thighs pounded by those driving hips, and I could smell warm hair again, and sweat and love, all smells that Freddy knows. I had then become Freddy, and Freddy had become my own desire, for he had found, in dying, death, had saved for her what I had kept for paler doves to pluck from me. I was to have no great black bird, except my iron one, whose cold steel claw my hand was making moist.

The sparrow on the wire waited in the rain for the heavy wings of some night-flying predator to swoop and carry him to clouded heights his own small wings could never reach. I saw the sparrow twitch with cold and fear and joy, and my feet ached to curl and feel the message Freddy sent him through the wire. I clutched the steel claw tighter. And longed for Spring to come and free me from this place.



THE ARTISTS' AND WRITERS' COOKBOOK

In CONTACT 7 we presented the first glimpse of *The Artists' and Writers' Cookbook*, which will be published under the Contact Editions imprint in October, 1961. Enid Foster, painter, came forth with recipes for "Terrible Tea," a way to cook calves' brains in beer, and a fish dish. Kenneth Patchen, poet, concocted "Cabbage Croquettes—Finnish Style."

On the following pages we preview: soup by James Merrill, a young poet from Connecticut; a meat dish from the far-roving kitchen of James A. Michener; and "Passion Salad" by Jerre Mangione, a writer of Sicilian origin now living in Philadelphia.

From Adams to Zajac, anchovies to zucchinis, all edited by Barbara Turner and Beryl Barr, here is CONTACT with new writing, art and ideas . . . about food.

A GARLIC SOUP

by James Merrill

Having parted for the night over the society woman who persuades a friend's cook to tell how on earth she made that inspired soufflé—only to learn that to the mixture of butter, flour, cream, Camembert, and egg yolks must be added "about a mouthful of water"—we found,

the next noon, our host and hostess still thinking it over in the kitchen. Robert made a slight apologetic gesture toward some onions cooking in olive oil. "I had to use oil," he said, "because butter wouldn't melt in my mouth. This is going to be a Spanish soup, a very *poor* person's soup," he went on, brightening. "It can also be made with garlic instead of onion," said Isabel.

Back home, the following, weeks later, had evolved:

Cook lightly in about a mouthful of olive oil *at least* one large, thinly sliced clove of garlic for each person. Add a cup of stock (equal parts chicken, veal, and fish, or any two of these) per person, bring to a boil, and simmer for 30 minutes. Now should be added whatever comes to mind: for instance, again per person, a small cabbage leaf, a pinch of minced fresh ginger or grated orange rind, and some slivers of turnip; then, when these are not quite tender, two or three raw, shelled shrimp, split lengthwise. Cook seven minutes more. Season to taste. Before serving, one egg yolk for every two portions may be beaten with a teaspoon of vinegar and the hot soup slowly stirred in. It's rather good. People with whom garlic disagrees have been known to eat it a second time.



CURRY POWDER



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CHUTNEY

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ITALIAN PASSION SALAD

by Jerre Mangione

This is *not* an aphrodisiac for underheated Italians, as its name might imply. It is more closely related to overheated ones since its inventor was a passionate patriot, a follower of Garibaldi during the Great Liberator's Sicilian campaign. He was one of my ancestors who served under Garibaldi as a cook. The story goes that Gasparo Mangione ran out of meat one day and in his anxiety to provide a vegetable dish worthy of Garibaldi, combined three ingredients whose colors form the Italian flag: tomatoes (thickly sliced); potatoes, (boiled, cold, thickly sliced), and string beans (boiled, cold). To give this alliance its moment of truth he added a sliced Italian onion.

The salad proved to be a burping success, and its fame quickly spread through Sicily and southern Italy. At first it may have been served as a patriotic gesture but now it is widely consumed as a gastronomic delight, one which when served with Italian bread, can make a satisfying meal by itself.

As prepared by my wife Patricia (a Sicilian by marriage), who learned the recipe from my father (a genuine Sicilian), the string beans comprise about half the salad; more or less equal parts of boiled potatoes and sliced tomatoes make up the balance. Unless you are a wrestler or a misanthrope, one medium sized raw onion (Italian

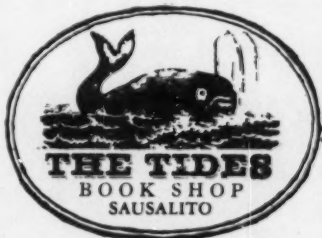
Everyone Does IT



BRIDGEWAY INN
SAUSALITO



and The Yacht Dock
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or unItalian) is usually enough in a salad for two. The dressing should be as simple as possible: three parts olive oil, one part wine vinegar, with some salt and black pepper.

Toss, eat, and thank your stars for passionate Italians.

BEEF BURGUNDY

by James A. Michener

Peel and saute heavily 12 small onions in $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of thinly sliced salt pork. When onions are done add 12 carrots and saute slightly. Remove onions and carrots and throw into the pan 2 lbs. of lean chuck beef cut into small cubes. When well browned put contents of pan, including all scrapings, into a casserole and add salt, pepper, bay, thyme, garlic salt, celery seed, parsley flakes, green pepper flakes and marjoram. Cover all with a cheap red wine and add two cups of water. Place the casserole in a 300 degree oven for 1 hour. Then add onions, carrots and 2 tablespoons of tapioca. Cook everything for one more hour. Add enough red wine to make consistency as desired, plus a cupful of mushrooms. Cook for 30 minutes, then raise temperature to 500 degrees and cook until the consistency is proper for serving. For those who prefer more continental flavoring, a handful of pepper corns can be used in place of ground pepper.

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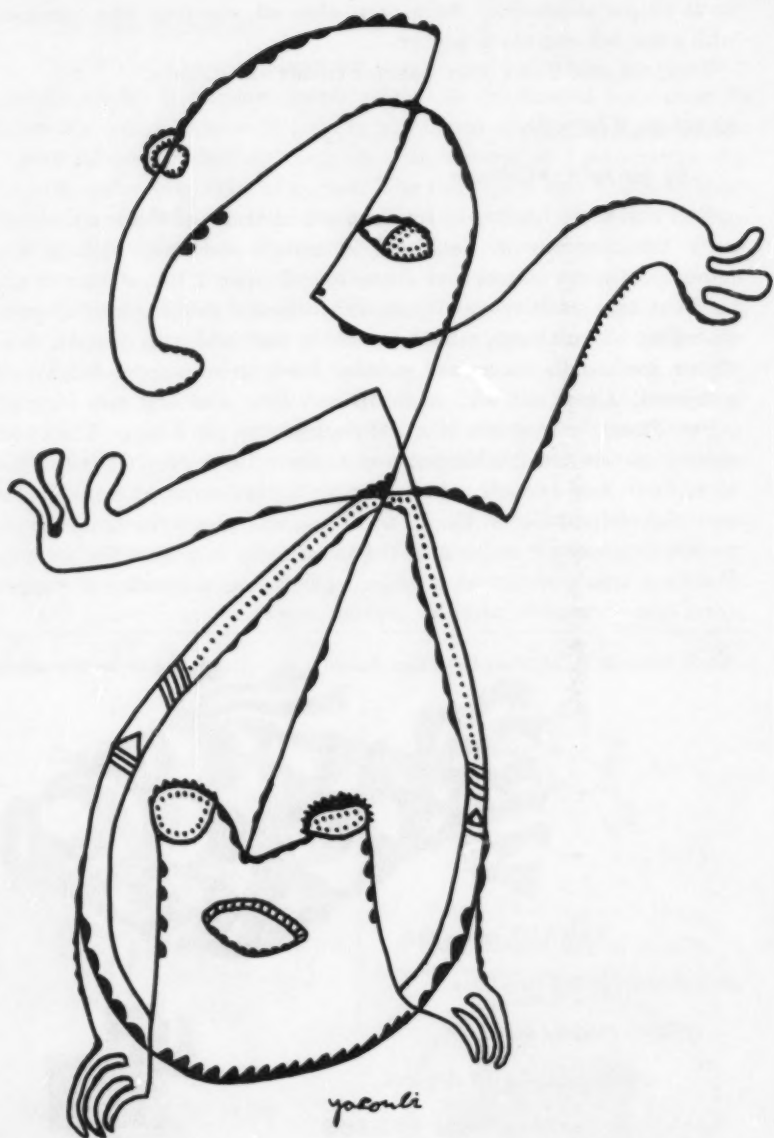


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Ahmed El Yacoubi

THE GAME

A man went out of his house one day and walked in the city. He looked into the shops and talked to the shopkeepers, and he watched the donkeys going over the bridges. When he was on his way home, in a narrow street, a large rock fell from the roof of a house onto the ground just in front of him. He was very frightened, and he stood still a minute. When he started to walk again, he began to think about the rock, and he grew more frightened still.

"Thanks to Allah!" he cried. "If I had walked only one step further, the rock would have killed me." And at that moment he made a vow to Allah, promising Him to fast for the next ten days.

When he got home he told his wife about the rock and also about the vow he had made. She was a stupid woman, and she grew angry. "You can starve to death if you want to," she told him. "I'm going to eat the same as always." And then she began to laugh.

"What are you laughing at?" the man asked her.

"I'm laughing because I just thought that if you won't be eating anything, I can eat twice as much," she said.

The man tried to hit her, but she ran out of the room. He sat down, and he began to think of how life was going to be in his house, with his wife eating her share and his share of the food. He was not happy.

When night came and his wife brought the table in with the food on it, he turned his head away and looked at the wall, so he would not have to see her eating. But she made such a noise with her lips and her tongue while she ate that he could not listen, so he stood up and started to go out.

"What, are you leaving me alone in the middle of the meal?" she cried. "No other woman in the quarter has such a boring husband."

The man started to curse his wife, but then he stopped and thought: "That is not why I made the vow to Allah, so that my wife and I should fight and be unhappy." And he decided to go out of the house, and when he got out into the street he started to walk straight ahead without looking at anything, and he walked through the town and out the gate and found himself in the country. "This is better," he thought. "Here no one will be eating, and the ten days will go by quickly because I shall only sleep and pray."

He prayed for a long time, and then he fell asleep and slept until the next day. When he woke up, he prayed again. But in the middle of his prayer a small bird flew down and landed on the ground in front of him. And when he bent forward to kiss the earth, the bird hopped onto his head and dug its claws into his scalp. There was nothing he could do, because he had to finish his prayer before he could even toss his head to try and shake the bird off, and so he went on with his prayer and the bird kept digging its claws into his head.

When he had almost finished, the bird jumped down again onto the ground and hopped away until it was at some distance from him.

Once he was all done with his prayer he stood up and looked at the bird. He was about to pick up a stone and throw it, when the bird said to him: "Eat me."

The man was very much surprised. "What did you say?" he asked the bird.

The bird said: "Eat me."

"I will not eat you," the man said. "I have a pact with Allah not

to eat anything until nine more days have gone by." He turned his back and the bird flew away.

The next day while the man was praying a rabbit ran by and stopped to watch him. When the man had finished his prayer he stood up, and the rabbit said to him: "Eat me." The man was angry, and looked around for a stone to throw at the rabbit. "I won't eat you!" he shouted. "I won't eat anything for eight more days!" "Eat me," said the rabbit. And when the man refused, it ran away.

The next day while he was praying he heard a noise like thunder, and he knew it was a lion. He was afraid, but he finished his prayer. And when he looked up, he saw a lion sitting in front of him. The man bowed very low to the lion because out in the country it is the lion who is sultan.

The lion looked at him and said: "Eat me."

"I can't eat you," the man told him. "I've made a vow not to eat anything for the next seven days."

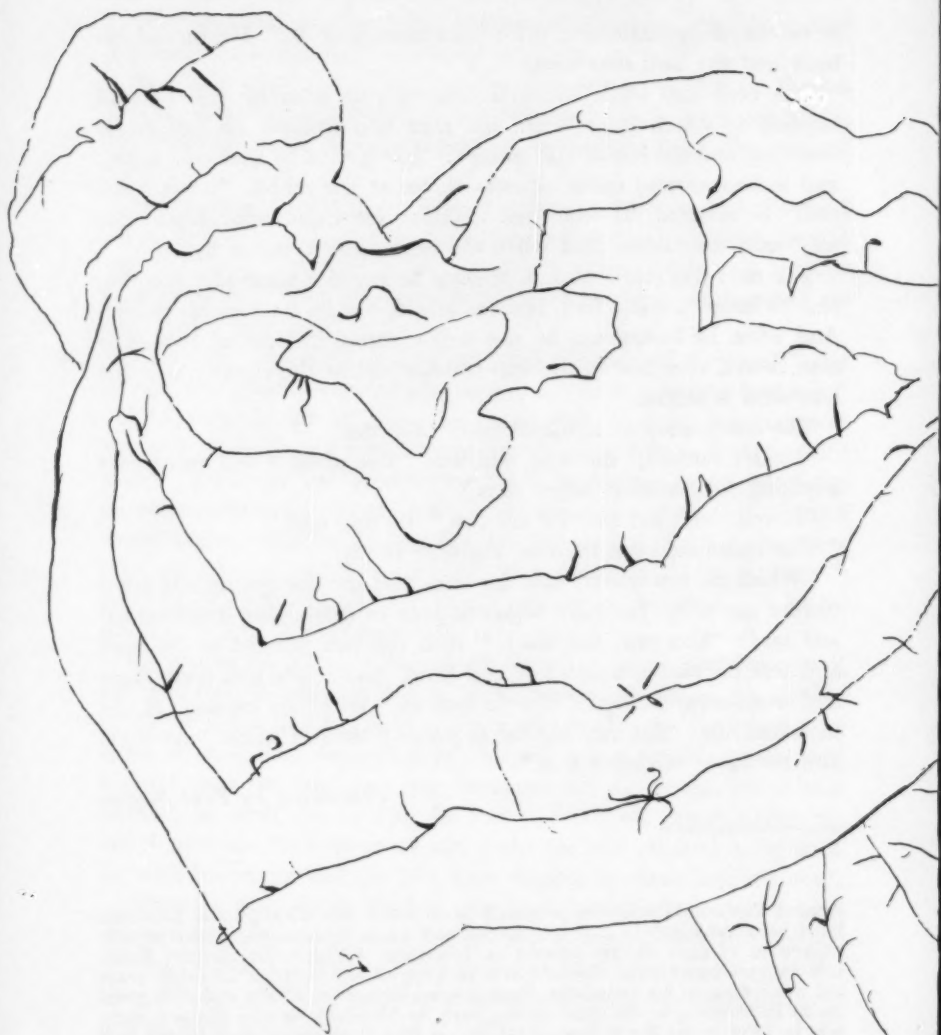
"If you don't eat me, I'll eat you," the lion said.

The man could not think of anything to say.

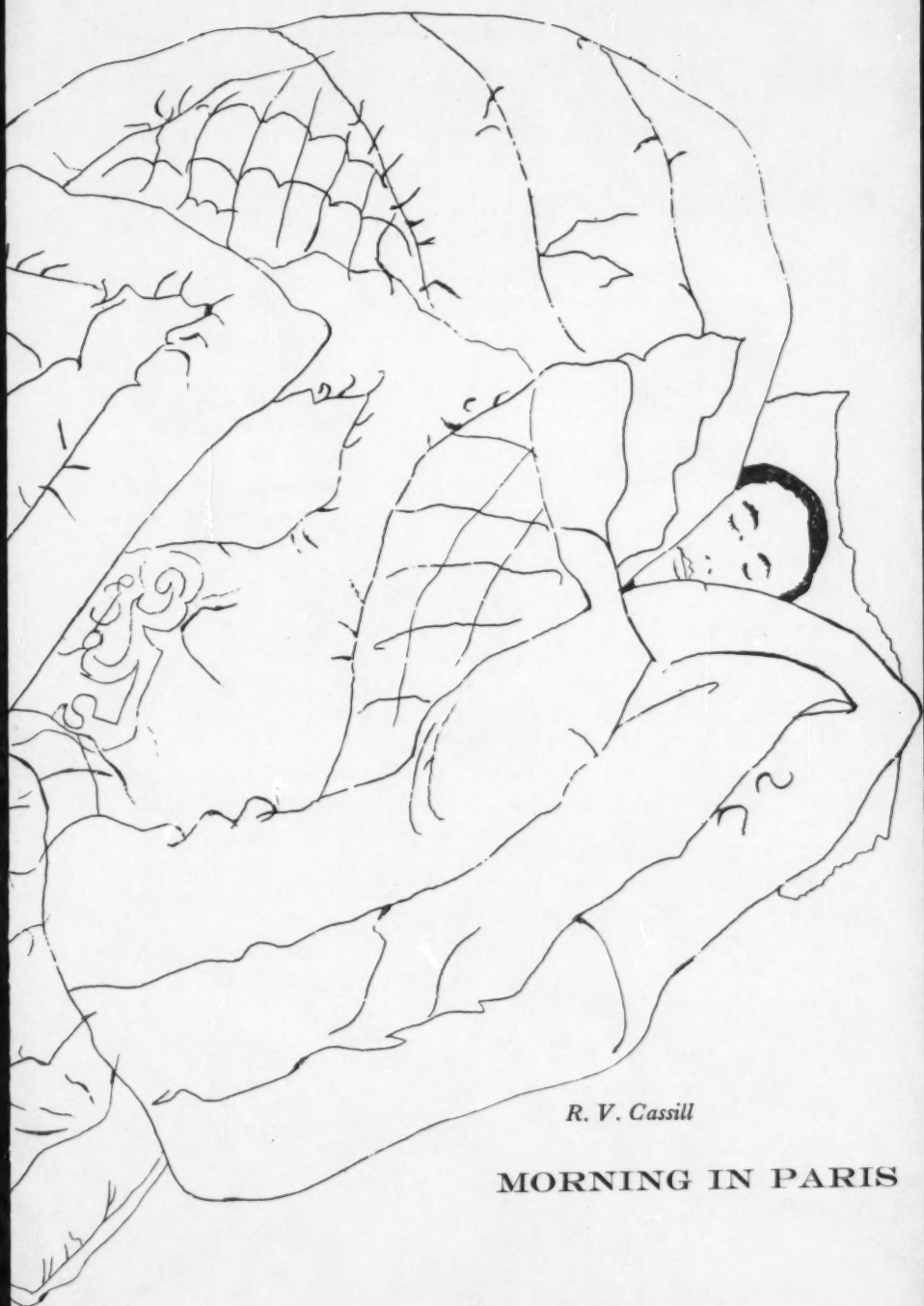
"Which do you want?" said the lion. And the lion got up and went toward the man. The man began to pray to Allah. The lion laughed and said: "You pray too much." And the lion jumped at the man and tore off his arms and legs and head. And it left him lying there and went away saying: "The jackals can have that carrion. If the man had said: 'Eat me,' instead of praying again, I might have done him the favor of eating him."

—Translated by Paul Bowles

Ahmed El Yacoubi is known primarily as an artist. His drawings and paintings have been exhibited in many countries and he is represented in the private collections of such diverse persons as Tennessee Williams, Sir Herbert Read, and Peggy Guggenheim. Yacoubi lives in Tangier and is either 29 or 30 years old, according to his translator, Paul Bowles, who says: "They didn't register births in Morocco at the time he was born, so he is not certain. His first show was in 1952 at the Betty Parsons Gallery in New York. Since then he has had five other shows in the United States, as well as in London, Hong Kong, Colombo, Madrid and here in Morocco. He has promised to make a drawing to accompany the story (but) time is not a very real thing to most Moroccans; one week, one month, one year is like another."



OUT OF SLEEP where there need be no syntax to express resemblances because resemblances there are things, his first moment of wakefulness is a discrimination. Sheila's garter belt on the chairback beside the bed resembles an inverted white crown. It looks like the frail stylized head dress of a playing card queen, but he can register the resem-



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MORNING IN PARIS

blance without mistaking what it is. The metaphor of sleep is mastered, reduced to a rational simile.

Noting the time, he realizes that Sheila has been up already to give Lulie her morning feeding. Lulie is in her crib across the bedroom, buzzing like a salon overheard across historical distances, like Joyce's prose—or maybe like Joyce's mad daughter—but happily derangement is the fit order of babyhood.

Sheila is in bed beside him again and probably asleep. Her left arm is stretched above her head, exposing the armpit hair which he has insisted she grow to demonstrate their Europeanization. Perversely he has resisted her counter-claim that, hair for hair, he ought to grow a beard to match. The child in his nature would be falsified by a beard, he says, and at any rate one law for the lion and ox is tyranny. In their household there are as many laws as there are situations, so that the component of confusion amounts to a permanent anarchy. Adults and infants are free to be such noble savages as their impulse will permit.

Jess, at two and a half, often has impulses to be a dog, and this morning as Clem comes into the kitchen he finds the boy on all fours by the door listening after the *conciierge's* pekingese, which has just scampered by on the stairs. Child of a beast marriage, Clem thinks, canine heaven lies about him in his infancy. The track the flesh loses is remembered yet a while. The hawk and hound and bay horse are his, lost to us who tried to make them captive.

He swings the boy up to kiss him, trying to read the inscrutable frankness in eyes which are so much like his own. He is the beast of me, Clem thinks, conjugating Good, Better, Beast—then personifying this trinity as the family group in which the child is father to the man and Mother Better's genes are printed like a monopolist's brand on every cell of husband-child and child-husband.

Yes, yes, yes, we are surely married to that woman, he thinks. We will marry her again today, and loyally beget each other through her.

"Do you want oatmeal?" he asks. "*Jus d'orange?*"

The child shakes his tow head. He frowns lightly, accusing the wrong guess exactly as he would accuse a moral flaw, provided that he saw any necessity in distinguishing between them. Grave initiate of Tao, he knows that meaning is not in things, but in the void between them.

"A bone? A BOH-UN?" Clem guesses.

Jess laughs aside his embarrassment and says (as he has been taught to), "Grrrrr." It is a joke and yet not entirely a joke that he wants to be a dog. He comprehends the joke from the stronghold of values that his parents have lost. In the year before his second birthday they owned a nervous, snobbish Russian wolfhound, afraid of its own shadow and completely disdainful of children. Through being scorned by it, Jess came to an idolatry of the corrupt animal. When the dog disappeared, Clem kept his memory fresh by telling all of Jess's friends the story of the unrequited love. Sheila complained that Clem had "made it all up" and had subsequently taught Jess to believe he wanted to be a dog like Oblomov. And there is no way to be sure, once and for all, just where the myth began. But sharing it now, for the thousandth time, father and son laugh together.

"I ate," Jess grumbles. He does not mean to be laughed at, of course, and like most people who have encountered Clem when his rash fit of irony is on, Jess retires to the fort of the commonplace, shutting the old man outside where he is welcome to speculate all he wants about beast children and the nonsensical ambition to be a dog.

"Did Mommie fix you oatmeal?"

"An uff."

"Enough? Or *un oeuf*?" (Sheila's French remains midwestern. Very deep in her is the conviction that it is merely slovenly to omit final consonants. Yet she likes to talk to Jess in French.)

"Egg."

"O.K. However you want it, *paisan*. Whatever you say."

"Want to go with you."

"Where?" Clem asks, unaware yet, in his morning grogginess, that he is going anywhere. He is trapped in the realization that the boy has set no time limit, has not said, "now" or "this morning" or even "today." He pauses to admire the clever expedients of ignorance (Tao). It is only wisdom that binds one to a single course and a selection of times and things. Nature tries a thousand tactics for a single goal.

But Clem has learned to fight fire with fire and does not make the mistake of explaining that he will probably fix breakfast for himself, shave, and then read a while in the front room—that he has not meant to leave the house before noon.

He says, "You don't want to go with me. You want to wait for Huguette. She's going to take you to the market." Huguette is their

maid, who comes in each day to straighten the apartment, help with the children, shop, and prepare dinner. The Foundation, which gave Clem his grant to pursue high-sounding objectives, is really paying Huguette's salary, just as it paid the key money for this roomy apartment on the *rue de Bac*. Of course it is only a manner of speaking to say that the Foundation's dollars are going for these specific luxuries, since the household keeps no books except check stubs. But the fact remains that without the grant there would have been no Huguette to help, and the Andersons would still be living in the grand, drafty studio in Montparnasse. And still Clem would be writing exactly as much and exactly as little as he does here during the term of the grant.

"I want to go with you," Jess says. And here again, as in the matter of aspiring to be a dog, there is a question of where myth originates, but from his son's urgency Clem understands that he himself wants to go out into the June morning.

When he knows what he wants, he remembers reasons. For one thing, he is expecting mail. He has been getting a lot of mail and this summer most of it has been good. Checks, commissions, praise—valued in that order.

But then he has always looked forward to mail since the war. It is one of the occupational distortions of a writer to believe that the mailman is a minister of fate. He believes that mail will lose its freshness—even that checks will melt to a smaller figure, commissions turn more speculative, and praise grow faint—if it is left in the mailbox.

He will have to go down three flights of stairs to get the mail in the *concierge's* office. There is no point in climbing so many stairs again immediately. He will take the mail to his café on the corner. He will sit in the sun opposite the War Ministry to read it, breakfasting on coffee and a croissant. Of course he would breakfast better if he ate at home. There are always eggs and *poitrine fumée* in the house—a good Wisconsin breakfast. And he has never had a sharper appetite than this summer. His appetite is keenest in the mornings when his mind still tingles with that breakover of useless dreams into the sense from which his best ideas come . . . the surf, the faint thin instant of foam through which Venus wades into his verse.

But against this appetite for Wisconsin type food there is the attraction of "going to Paris." He never quite feels that he is in Paris while he is inside the house, and it is a treat that he owes to himself to read his mail in Paris, sitting in the historic sun, while he notes

what they are doing and thinking and paying "back there."

Only now he can not leave his son until Huguette comes. He invites Jess to the bathroom to watch him shave. If mornings and a good breakfast are the preconditions for his best work, then shaving is the mechanical, symbolic act of harvest that yields his *lignes données*, the dictated lines, or the positive choices between scenes, bits of dialogue, or descriptions that have seemed at yester midday equally usable. This morning his clear thought, the *donné*, is merely that this has always been so. Himself has been a mirror as innocent as the one that shows his sudsy face. "Gillette, reed-throated whisperer," he apostrophizes his razor, "that comes not now as once . . . but inwardly . . ."

"The inward razor," he says aloud to Jess, who is balancing between the *bidet* and the wash basin, disgusted with himself that he had to come watch a procedure so essentially boring. "Just as my razor in that glass scrapes whiskers, so that glass, in my whiskers, scrapes the dead Muzak. Muzak, old artificer—I too am a twig that Eros bent."

"Cut, cut, cut," Jess begs.

"No, I only cut myself when *I* want to," Clem says. He dries his face with approval. Not a scratch or a scrape. With diligence he has proved—for once—the safety razor really safe, even in his hands. And though this is a disappointment to Jess, who counts on a little blood to make the show worthwhile, it is a satisfaction to Clem.

When Huguette has arrived and Clem has descended, he finds that his premonition of mail is correct. There are four letters for him and a fifth, from Sheila's parents, is addressed to both. He knows that this one will be directed to her, including him in its sentimental effusion only by a kind of formal recognition that someone *must* be husband to their daughter and father to their grandchildren. In reading their letters he has often reflected that he would not be surprised to find himself referred to in quotes—"Clem"—as if he were a fictional excuse for her absence, for the pregnancies that have to be given a good color to their neighbors. Once they did call him a "writer" in quotes, and he is still wounded by that uncertainty.

It would be proper for him to take this fifth letter with the others. Yet he feels it unfair that he should get all the morning's mail, and he rocks on his toes a minute, debating whether to climb back to the apartment and leave the letter for Sheila. To spare his heart the

exertion, he decides against it. He has been told by six doctors in the last four years that his heart would be perfect if he didn't drink and smoke quite so much. He believes them, but reminds himself that even a perfect heart can be worn out, and this morning he has appetite to hope for fifty more years of health. The hope is an indication that he is not at present engaged on any big work. When he is—and when the work is going particularly well—he is subject to an awed sense of impending death. No doubt he has at times attained intimations that the health of his worldly state is sickness indeed, but now he has forgiven himself them. He has been a sick eagle looking at the sky. The triumph of Parisian architecture is that it holds the eye low, keeps the eagle from knowing he is sick.

"*Dites a Madam qu'elle doit me suivre au café,*" he instructs the *concierge*. Dog-trotting, glad to find that he can still run on his toes, though the days of the fifty-yard dash are far behind him, he goes down the *rue de Bac* in the lemon and lime colored morning.

The *garçon* who serves Clem is by now an old friend, almost his collaborator, since Clem did most of his writing in the café during the previous winter. Vincent worked at the Dome for many years before changing to this more docile neighborhood. He values Clem and Clem's friends who come to sit with him here as a souvenir of the old days and a leaven amid the bureaucrats who are his usual clientele. He likes to discuss politics, particularly American international policy and *le plan Marshall* with Clem, for whom he generally saves copies of *Semaine* and *Le Monde*. Vincent has been unreconciled to America since the death of Roosevelt. He refers to President Truman as "*le vache qui rit*" and is convinced that America intends to make Germany again the principal power in Europe.

But this morning he has other news. Another American friend of his, someone he has not seen since before the war has made a name at last. Collis Maitland. Vincent has a long clipping torn from the book review section of *TIME*. He reads English indifferently and is not sure whether the review praises or attacks Maitland's *Passionate Years: A Memoir of the Lost Generation*. But there, in the center of the page is a photograph of Maitland with his sharp eyes peering straight out at one from his saintlike, wolfish face. And from the size of the review and the placement of the photograph, Vincent draws the penultimate conclusion. "*Il touche maintenant l'argent, hein?*"

Everything is said when that is said, Clem feels, and puts the re-

view down on the table without reading it.

The first letter he opens is from Claude Pogorski. He has heard from Claude three or four times since that summer in Mexico, but he has never answered the letters. Whatever Claude has to say—and after the appearance of *The Throne of Oedipus* he wrote to censure Clem for “turning away from realism and anger” to the “obscurity and chi-chi that is all too fashionable nowadays”—is always spoiled by a note of sick fawning. No doubt the fawning is an attempt to be polite against the grain, but nevertheless it is repugnant when not redeemed by the ferocious mental suffering that one had to acknowledge in Claude's actual presence. Yet, when Claude's letters come with other mail, Clem always opens them first.

And thinks, as he reads this morning, that here at last is the revelation that he has been anticipating in the others. Claude and Venetia are separated. Venetia is back home in Brooklyn, getting a divorce. “I knew you would hear of this, sooner or later, the world being such a small place as it is,” Claude writes, “and I wanted you to know, before you heard from strangers, that I did not blame you.” *Blame me?* Clem thinks with a start. With a part of his mind he knows exactly what Claude is talking about, but the more sophisticated part complains, *I am not Abraham, even if he has decided he is, was, Isaac.*

“I realize you did not think as we, and it would be against your happy-go-lucky nature to credit the idealism on which our marriage was based. You saw only an attractive woman and we were all somewhat under the influence the night it happened. I can honestly say I forgave you both, without any reservations, and though that is not the kind of thing one forgets. I would not have mentioned it again. But in frankness we have had to talk continually of you when I admitted that divorce was the only way. I do not mean she remembered you with enthusiasm. After she began to take up with others she confessed to me that you were unsatisfactory in spite of your usual animation. But you were the one who shattered her idealism to such an extent that I could not save her and now have had to let her go, with much anguish and worries for her future. But I have thought so much about this and have concluded that it was not merely by sexual infidelity that you disappointed us.”

Us? Clem wonders. Everyone? In the moral disparity of experience, it might be that everyone spoke for everyone, that nothing

was canceled out, and one man wronged spoke for all victims. But that is his thought, and not exactly Claude's.

Claude writes, "While all the terrible things were going on in America and only Henry Wallace's Progressive Party offered some hope, Venetia used to say that at least Clem would stand up and be counted, or else be silenced and go to jail."

The trouble with Claude was that he did not tremble when he thought that God was just. *I was counted*, Clem thought.

"You kept on publishing things in more and more servility to the right wing."

My left was tender, I had to favor it, Clem thinks. But he does not need to mock any more than he needs to defend. The balance of guilt and knowledge that Claude is stumbling toward was chosen long ago. The inner wounds are beginning to show, that is all. Let them, then, since they must, come out.

Clem sighs curiously and reads the end of the letter. "When I am most depressed about it, I think that none of us should blame ourselves, but blame the times in which we live. It was not you alone who disillusioned her. I am never going to return to the United States. I have arranged to take political asylum in India. I am afraid you won't hear from me again, but I wanted my last word to be that of friendship."

Clem drops the creased letter on top of Maitland's picture. The past is a poorer fiction than I have made of it, he thinks. If Claude could merely read what I have written without judging it, he could not be so wrong about what happened as he is now. He realizes that for all Claude had taught him, there had never been a chance that he could teach Claude anything, and he knows the iron law that scales wisdom to impotence. He wonders if Claude is telling the truth in saying that he seduced Venetia, when all this time he has thought it was the other way around. Well, it had been dark and he couldn't quite tell.

The next letter is from Clem's sister. Since, in writing his autobiographical novel, he "killed her off" he semi-consciously thinks of her as dead. When some reminder that she is very much alive crosses the threshold of his consciousness, it comes always like an unexpected bonus, as if a miracle had taken place about which he is the last to hear the good news.

Clem's sister is married to a schoolteacher in the county seat near

Boda. Clem's career as a writer is to some degree an embarrassment for her—she is inclined to defend him to himself and this gives her away—but, naturally, she is also very proud. To an extent she shares the conviction of Clem's mother that his memory is very poor, since his stories about his own childhood or Boda people never conform to what are called there "the facts." She knows it was only some kind of sly joke to have given Harry Rinehart's name to the character in the novel who "resembles" himself and this reinforces her suspicion that if one had the simple key to unlock Clem's poems, out of them, too, would come pouring an avalanche of commonplace facts that other people could verify or refute from their memories of how it all was.

Nevertheless she knows Clem too well to think it is going to be easy to get the key from him, and she reports with amusement something Clem's father has said about *The Throne of Oedipus*. Mr. Anderson spent many evenings trying to "get the hang" of what Clem was talking about and finally grew quite angry at Clem for being so devious. "Well, he always did think he was a little king," Mr. Anderson said.

With a crow of pleasure Clem recognizes the justice of his father's dictum. Ironical abbreviations are dear to him and there is no more fruitful source for them than ignorance. But again he realizes, It is I who know—hear—what he said. The poetry of earth is never dead. For anyone but poets no poetry is ever alive. The street runs into Paris but never back again.

His sister has written, "I don't suppose you remember Margaret Shea very well" Yes and no. Of course Clem remembers the fictional Con Everling better, his fiction instead of theirs. "We saw Margaret's picture in the paper the other day. Her husband is very high up in the Shriners and Margaret has two little girls. She never comes back to Boda since her folks moved away."

Of course she can not come back. When Clem was a little king he banished her out. Now he sees that if he had been Dante himself he could not have punished her more exactly than by marrying her to a man high in the Shriners. A small, vindictive and poetic grin hooks the corners of his mouth. Time and he have paid her off for saying, "You think too much, Clem," for once imperilling his sanity by her positively aggressive chastity.

At every mention of the names from Boda or of his own family,

he notes an artificial response in himself, compounded of wonder and gratified curiosity, replacing the emotions that once they could engender. By this sign he is comfortably reminded that the beasts of childhood are tamed and that they are, after all, the same beasts that wore the other names—Pogorski, Maitland, Bentley, Kleist. In mastering his art, he has mastered his vulnerability. There is no need to fear any of the crying ghosts that harried him up from Boda long ago. The victory over the past has immunized him against the future.

Now does my project gather to a head: My charms crack not; my spirits obey . . .

He asks Vincent the time and, because it is past eleven, permits himself to order a glass of white wine.

The third letter is from Felix Martin, once again inviting Clem to come as a lecturer to his university. Felix's department is prospering, and in a way that one would hardly have expected. A literary magazine is published under departmental and university auspices. This summer a writers' conference has been held on campus. It is to be made an annual affair, and Clem is invited for next year or "whenever you come back from France."

From the throne of his café chair Clem projects a scandalous future where his rambles will be stopped only by satiety. He sees himself the laureate of conferences, Alfred Lord Anderson careening into the picnics of literature in a sports car, a smile of condescension lighting his man-of-sorrows face. Young poets faint as they hear his tread ascending the steps of the podium. When he cocks his head and half closes his eyes a hush falls over the assembly, broken only by the sibillance of nylon whistling on nylon as two thousand literary coeds cross their legs.

"As Valery has so well expressed it . . . while in my own verse . . . with your indulgence . . . a little composition of my own . . . on the back of an old envelope as my wife drove me to your charming campus. I may call it *The Sermon on the Mount* . . ."

Word of his charm, modesty, and wit creeps then flies out beyond the literary circles of the campus. He becomes the idol of young athletes and their sorority doxies. The football team careens with linked arms down torchlit streets chanting his verses. He is called on to address a pep rally. It is not tomorrow's game that fires all hearts. The vulgar multitude is chanting, "Go, Anderson, go. A sonnet, a line, a word." He winds up, throws a long, spiraling trochee

A thousand hysterical throats answer him. The chariot of years grinds to a stop. Poetry has defeated Notre Dame in the Rose Bowl. Knute Rockne and Clem Anderson exeunt into the West, riding Will Rogers' horse.

Yes, things will be better if he ever goes back to America.

The fourth letter is also literary business. He is asked to contribute "Notes from Paris" for a women's fashion magazine. "No specifications or restriction" the lady editor writes—and he knows this means he is expected to mention homosexuality among Americans on the Left Bank and to allude quasi-humorously to the *US Go Home* signs chalked on the walls of the *rue M. le Prince*. The writer should sit behind Sartre and de Beauvoir at the Deux Magots, eavesdropping for something hilarious and profound. One should describe Genet hurrying past the *Hotel de l'Univers* (any of the forty *Hotels de l'Univers*) and the followers of Garry Davis. He should discover the formation of a new style of character in which jazz and petulance are the pylons of truth. Now that Collis Maitland has found his profitable vocation, the editorial search is on for a young writer who will do for this postwar generation what Collis has done (it being time for a revival) for the Lost Generation. The formula is easy and it will pay two hundred and fifty dollars. Enough for a trip down the Loire valley. He might get his friend Viola or Sheila to write it, then sign it himself.

Still the dishonest offer of freedom to write what he pleases stirs him to ask what it would please him to write. Nothing. In his well-earned complacency it seems to him that he has spent all the coins that his experience has earned, spent them wisely, bought the home-stead of his heart. He has nothing more to express—and can not, quite, yet, bring himself to believe that he must turn over his sharpened tools of expression to be used for ends other than his own.

Surely there is an ample paradox in this and, if he wished to worry it through, a very puzzling question as to which ends are his own. In all he has written up to this point, following his own line purely, he has never really felt he was working for himself, however much he worked out of himself. And now it was as if he might ask himself what he had missed all these years that his art might get for him? Again, nothing. But put this way, the shades of very personal obligations dance at the corners of his visions, and the thought comes to him that it might be time to begin paying his debts.

Suppose, taking advantage of the offer to write what he pleased, he should write a version of Bentley's suicide, just as it looked from where he sat, drinking his wine. Let it begin with Sheila's dream of the cannibals when Jess was born. Let it end with a cry of shame on all who let the old man die. Yes, he might write that. It would teach lady editors not to say, "Write what you please."

But he will not do this. His day in Paris is a day when he sees what ought to be done without feeling the obligation to do it.

Now in the cresting balance of his morning and his life, he sees a woman coming down the *rue de Bac*. For a minute he watches her without knowing it is Sheila. Then for another minute he tries to pretend to himself that he has not recognized her. He thinks it is good luck that this woman, who might have been a stranger, is his wife, but soberly reflects that his life is narrowed because she is not a stranger after all. He has appetite to begin again; many lives may be offered him. None of them would hurt now.

All these years he has climbed up the ladder of his work. It has brought him to the "Paris" he anticipated when he left the house this morning. He has got his sanctuary. Yes, and he knows that the reason Sheila is coming to sit with him now is so that he shall not be lonely in this isolation he worked so hard to find. But—he knows this as he watches her from under sun-warmed lids—if the loneliness is beaten it will be at the price of his invulnerability. Safety is no more than a state of mind, but the conditions for holding onto it are multiple and complex.

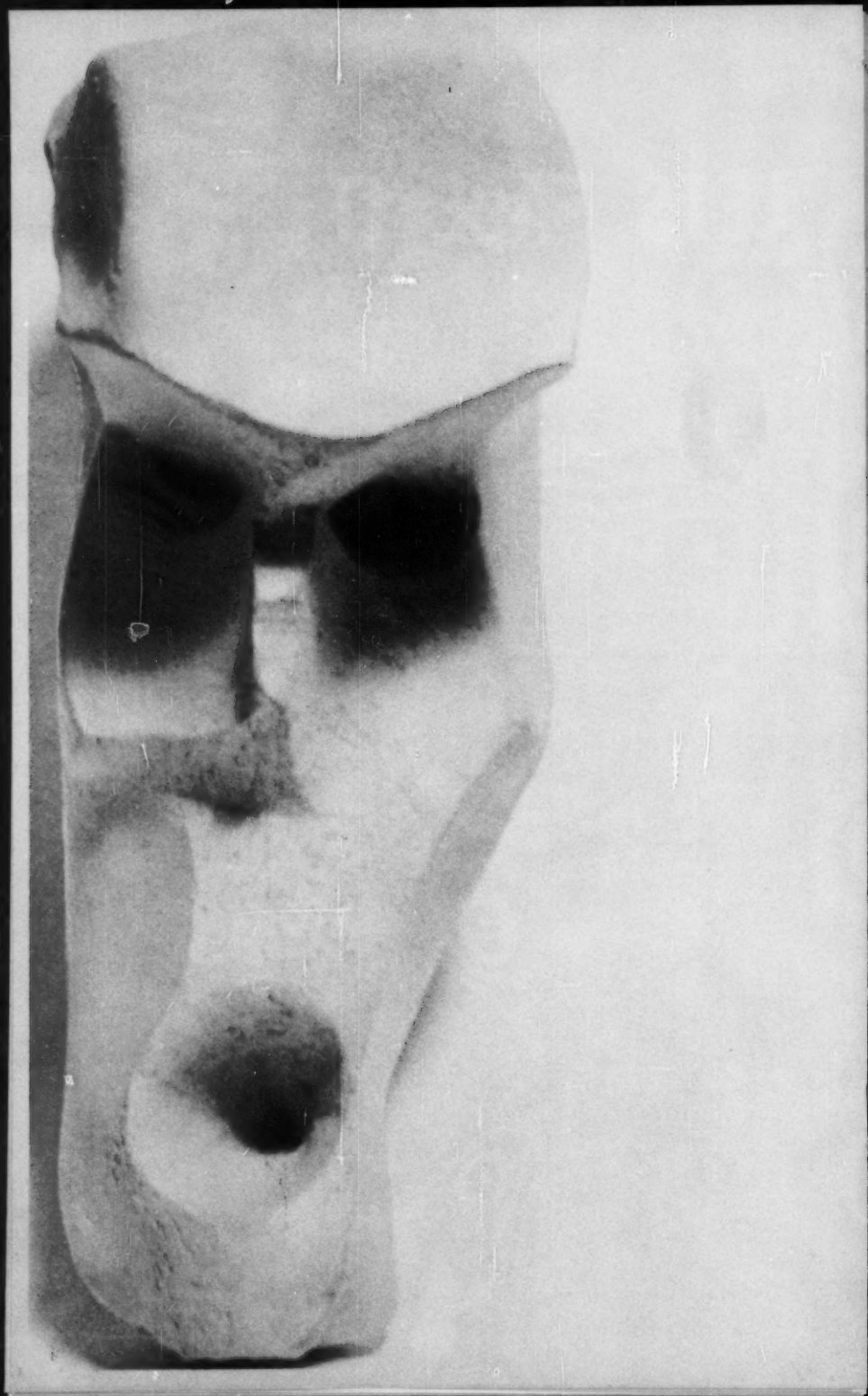
It is Sheila more even than his children who will make him vulnerable again, flesh of his flesh who has shared the moral weight of his escape with him, but who can not share the full measure of tragic and comic insights that allow it to remain valid. One person can come to this Paris of his. Not two. And if she crosses the street to him, as she is about to, the world he has outrun comes with her.

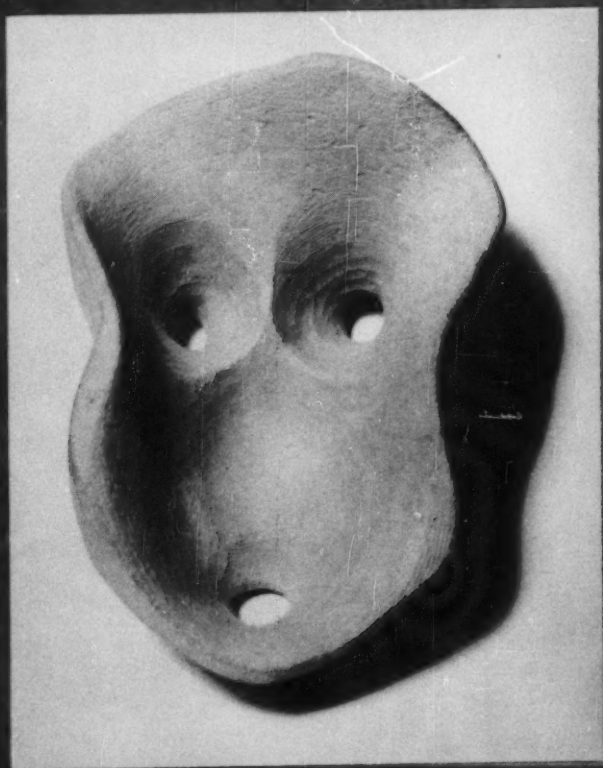
He wants her to come and break his reverie again—and he does not. The traffic divides. White-clothed she steps down from the curb. He sees the sun explode like shrapnel among the leaf shadows on the street at noon.

R. V. Cassill was born in Iowa and attended the University of Iowa where he later taught in the Writer's Workshop. He has traveled in Europe, spending most of his time in Paris. He has published numerous short stories and several novels. "Morning in Paris" is an excerpt from his new novel, *Clem Anderson*, published by Simon & Schuster.

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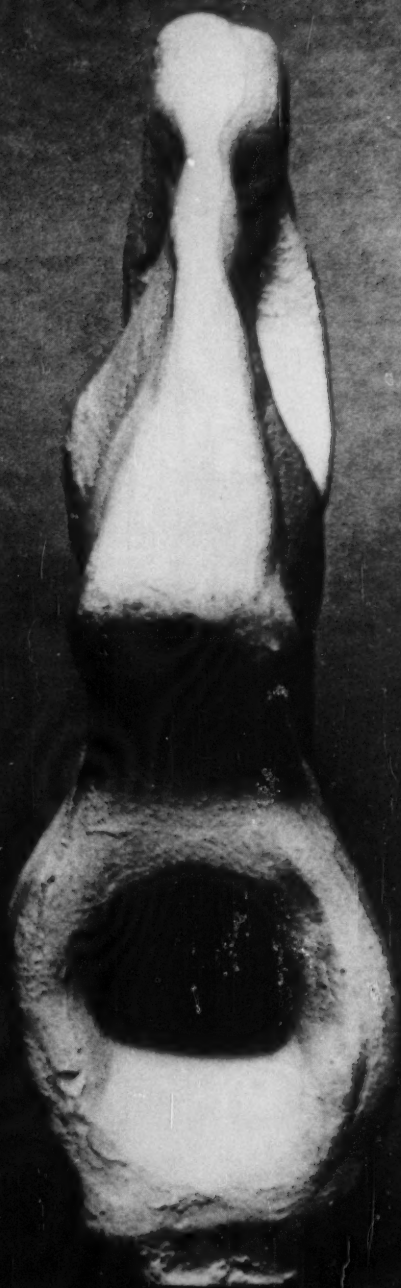


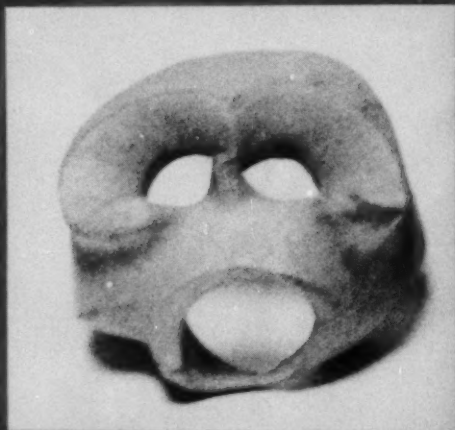


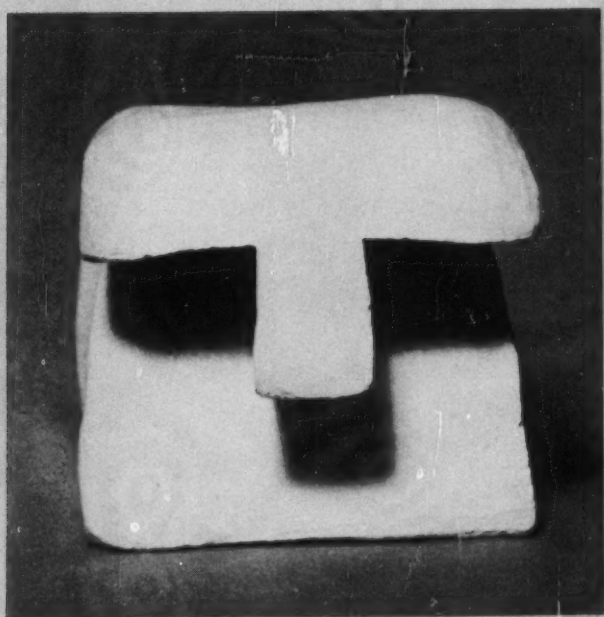


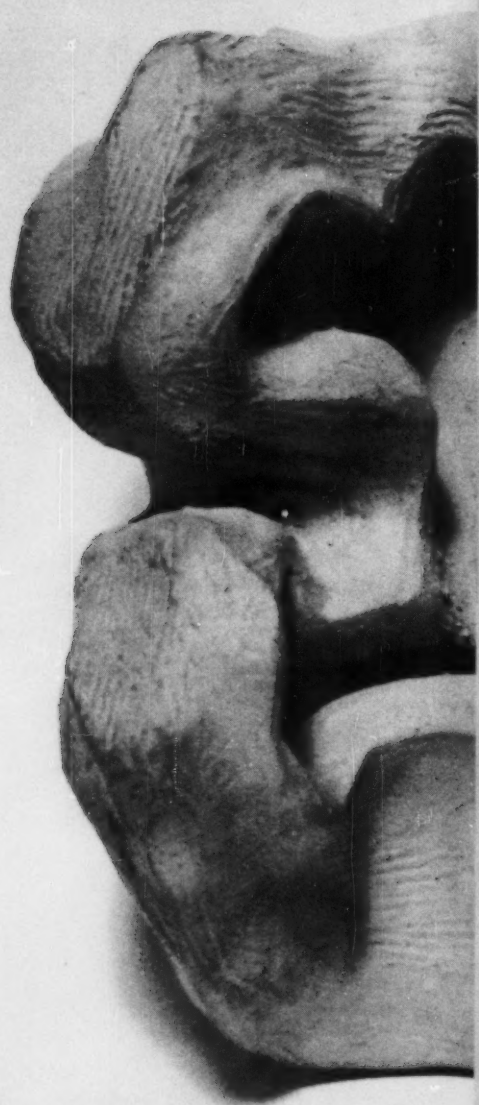










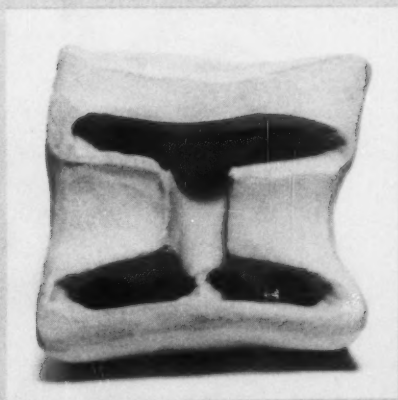








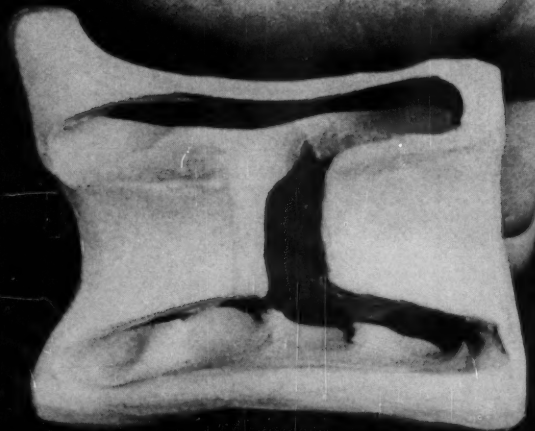




Sculpture: Seymour Locks

Photography: Lynn Vardeman

This group of portrait heads was not created from posed models; instead, the intention is to express personality characteristics reminiscent of our society. By penetrating into the structural-spatial relationships each piece reveals its particular idiosyncrasy. S.L.



John Phillips

THE CHAMPAGNE CAMPAIGN

A STEWARDESS BROUGHT strong coffee and cold croissants which Brock and his wife, balancing glaucous plastic trays on their knees, put down in tentative swallows. Brock was stimulated by Bettina's excited conversation. His own excitement, which he tried to hide beneath calm smiles and cigarette smoke, was immense.

"Only two more hours," Bettina said, passing him the captain's flight bulletin. "We've picked up a tail wind. Oh, Allen!"

She hugged his arm, and he pointed for her through the window where far below on the shimmering ocean Bettina saw her first French fishing boats like black bugs.

They stayed in Neuilly, in an inconvenient hotel arranged for by the travel agency. Brock had been in Paris only two days in November of nineteen forty-five when in transit to Le Harve and home, so he knew little of the city. Less than Bettina, who had made careful plans for their stay. "We may never be here again," she said. They consecrated three six-hour days to the Louvre, and went on conducted tours of Chartres, Versailles, and one night a solitary window at Fontainebleau was illuminated suddenly in the dark while a dozen guides revealed in several languages that in that very room Louis Treize was born. "Think!" said Bettina. They ordered recklessly from menus smudged in rosy inks. "The tomatoes!" they said. "The raspberries!" and "How about this little wine?" Brock was so happy in Paris, and so captivated by his wife, her girlish body and effervescent face, that he converted his entire letter of credit into traveler's checks

and instructed her to buy all the clothes she wanted.

They left Paris in the cool dawn of a summer's day, ahead of the morning traffic, and drove south on the *autostrade* in a Hillman Minx rented through the travel agency. They drove for five days, slowly through the Loire country, where Brock translated for her meticulously from the *Guide Bleu* as they wandered disdainful of the hordes of their monolingual countrymen through the vaulted passages of the great chateaux. In Limoges, Bettina bought a blue and gilt porcelain bowl for serving cocktail peanuts, and for the mantelpiece of a lonely aunt a vase painted a Victorian pattern of flora and cherubim. Eating and sleeping by the *Guide Michelin*, through the Dordogne, missing neither the cave paintings at Lascaux, nor the three-starred site at Rocamadour. In a hotel room in the ramparts of Carcassone, Bettina wrote an exhaustive letter to her sister, Francine, which declared in its opening sentence that they'd never forget this trip—"ever!"

On the sixth day they ran east along the Mediterranean, through Sete and Montpellier, Nimes, Arles. The flimsy car shuddered at high speeds past ripening vineyards and red earth, down tar stretches straight as rails, through bosky tunnels which reached whole kilometers and more beneath venerable plane trees, and magpies scattered before them. They talked of extending their trip a few weeks more, so as to see the Italian lakes. They were considering Vienna even, when Brock brought the car up short before the object of their search—a road sign which read *Le Thuis*.

They got out of the car at the edge of a pine wood, where the road turned. Cicadas shrieked in the dry pines. Over the fender a cumbersome butterfly was flapping its vermilion wings, nearly the color of Bettina's trousers. Ahead a narrow bridge crossed a parched stream.

"There it is," Brock said.

"Allen, isn't it exciting?"

"I wouldn't say that exactly."

Once in all truth he had explained to Bettina: "The invasion of Southern France was like a landing in Miami Beach. It was a waltz. They called it the Champagne Campaign."

"Go on, make a joke of it," Bettina had teased.

"Well, it was pretty fantastic. The Germans vanished and we ran wild all over the Riviera. We took over the swankest hotels from

Marseille to Monaco. There was nothing so ridiculous as Monte Carlo when the waiters and masseurs in the FFI were locking up croupiers and counts and aged heiresses as collaborators," and he had told her sentimentally and at length what a lovely waste of time that whole operation was.

"I don't believe it," Bettina had said.

"Read Churchill. He said it was a fool idea from the start. Or General Clark. Read the generals. I swear to you, it probably prolonged the war."

"Who cares what some general says?" She had refused to listen to his argument then and nothing since had changed her. "Who cares what you say?" she was teasing him now. "At least *I'm* excited."

"That's good," said Brock absently. He was trying to think how the bridge had looked of old; now there were Poujadiste slogans painted on its side and other ones in faded letters that he had to squint at hard to make out: *Libérez Pointet, Ridgway Go Home*. Poujade had fallen. General Ridgway, long departed from this continent, must be a business executive at last, sitting at a big desk in some predestined skyscraper. Whoever Pointet was, were he free or still languishing in a cell, he was now anonymous in an endless procession of martyrs, failed governments, republics overthrown. There was a profound sadness to these echoes of dead protest, angers recurrent and perishable as snowflakes. Brock remembered the eminently more eloquent and deadly ACHTUNG MINEN signs, adorned with black death's heads, that the Germans had put up along these roads.

The landing was made on the fifteenth of August, nineteen hundred and forty-four. Brock's first glimpse of France had been pine trees burning on a hill in St. Tropez and the roof of a coral pink villa capsizing like a galleon under the Navy's guns. Some gliders going in at dawn had been impaled on spikes the Germans hid in vineyards, and the infantrymen were machine gunned as they spilled onto the ground. Brock went ashore that afternoon with one of the radio trucks, a ponderous six-by-six which in the confusion got hopelessly stuck in wet sand. Voices and faces still recurred to him vividly; quick emotions and snatches of speech mounted and merged in bars of silent music with soft names in rhythms—*Brignolles, Le Thuis*...

A piercing sound assailed them. Bettina gave a cry and jumped back.

A pair of Citroens raced across the bridge, their horns at a shrill, fixating pitch. Screech-whoosh, screech-whoosh. Coal black, low slung, with *traction avant*, the automotive pride of France. In those moist interiors, impatient families, suitcases and dogs, plunged on toward pensions on the Côte d'Azur.

"Couldn't we just lock the car and walk?" Bettina asked. "If you think it's safe to walk?"

When they crossed the bridge, the traffic got thicker. The annual excursion of the women employees of a bottle cap factory shouted at them from a barreling bus. A strapping peasant woman passed on a bicycle. "Isn't she wonderful?" Bettina cried. "Bonjour Madame, Madame. Bonjour!" Fiats, Simcas, Panhards, tiny Fords went by with implacable horns, and couched in some rear windows toy tigers and leopards fixed the Brocks with glass button eyes. Brock began to feel the first vague sensations of a discomfort which he attributed, very reluctantly, to Bettina.

She was in front of him, going toward the town at a trot, the orange kerchief coming unknotted in back of her neck. She carried a straw purse and wore a simple white blouse from Paris, and below it her toreador pants.

"Aren't you coming?" Bettina called back to him over her shoulder.

The seams of her gaudy trousers were sewn with particolored cords that descended in loops and curleycues to her naked calves. With each switch of her legs the cloth gathered hungrily over her firm buttocks and tennis court thighs. In Greenwich, Bettina weeded the garden in toreador pants, wore them to the Yacht Club on Children's Night. So did Francine wear toreadors, so did most every young homemaker sooner or later in Greenwich, Connecticut. He was so inured to the costume that he had not thought to warn her against wearing it here. For this was not Greenwich, this was Provence. Rome was omnipresent. Dirty people scrawled *Américains en Amérique* on lavatory walls. If Bettina didn't know these things, he should have told her. That was his fault. Back home since the war Brock had built up a little realty business of which a man could be proud. Abroad he knew himself for a morbidly self-conscious traveler steeped in the native desperation to be liked by everyone everywhere and to verify the radiant faces on billboards which encircle the globe.

"Bonjour," she was calling in her French. "Bonjour, Monsyer!"

An aged man, a true campagnard in blue denim, approached them on a Velo-Solex, a bicycle aided by a minute and crepitating engine. He came abreast of the Brocks on a rise of the road, pumping the pedals hard, for the single cylinder helps only on level stretches. He wore a grimy beret. His cheeks were winey red, the edges of his drooping white moustache yellow from a lifetime's nicotine.

"Bonjour!" Bettina cried again.

"Hein?"

The gnarled fingers squeezed the handbrakes, jamming the machine to a stop, stalling the engine, nearly toppling the rider who leapt off nimbly and enraged. "Quoi?" the old man said. He squinted at Bettina as though at an extraplanetary being.

"Bonjour," Bettina said timidly.

"Et j'ai failli de casser la tête, voyang! . . ." A squall of abrasive language in the clanging, ancestral accents of Provence. "... pour dire bonjour, seulemang . . ." Brock listened, smiling at the ground. He was back in Le Thuis at last.

"What is it?" Bettina said. "Oh dear, does he have arthritis?"

"He says you're badly brought up."

"Why?"

"He's calling you a fille d'ongilsahm. A daughter of Uncle Sam. I doubt if that's a compliment."

"Pardon. Oh, pardonnez-moi, monsyer!"

Brock helped the old man to the bicycle seat and offered him a cigarette. The gift was snatched with a grunt and stuck behind an ear for future use. The machine started off with unconscionable haste, its motor crackling a vindictive staccato.

"I'm sorry, Allen."

"You only meant to be friendly." Brock felt constrained to chuck her chin affectionately. "Please, just don't try so hard."

"You're always telling me that."

"I am?"

Bettina took his hand. "Can we start the tour now?"

The silly incident forgotten, Brock pointed reverently to a patch of grass. "I guess we left the jeep there," he said.

He started to explain, in an oddly professorial tone. "The Germans had barricades painted in black and white stripes. When they wanted to shut off a town for a curfew or search"—he demonstrated,

pushing an imaginary barricade—"all they had to do was wheel these things across the road. They left a roadblock here. I remember the place was absolutely quiet. Except some geese were making noises near a barn."

"Geese," Bettina said. She clutched his hand and walked on at his fast pace, waiting to be shown.

"Look," Brock called triumphantly. "There's the damn barn!"

Brock ran ahead of her, pointing, shouting at first, his speech jumbled by excitement. Then suddenly his hand fell and he walked slowly, and when he began starkly to remember what happened here, he could not say a word. All music stopped; amazement stole over him in a relentless light.

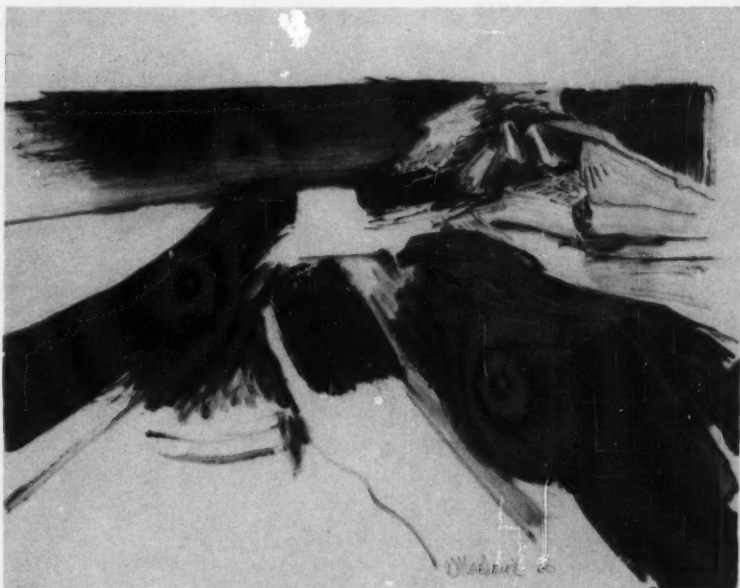
2.

They had no excuse for going to the town. The jeep and the mum Senegalese who drove it had been assigned to the Commandant for the afternoon only, and then for the specific purpose of finding a site for a switchboard which might reliably communicate the regimental *État Major* with the howitzer batteries for which, Brock's impression was, the Commandant was somehow responsible. It was perplexing to the young and conscientious Brock that the Commandant should be so disinterested in the afternoon's mission of which he, as a French major and ranking member of the little party, was in command—so grandiosely their *Commandant* that Brock never identified him with the prosaic rank of major. When Brock, in the rear seat, a map across his bouncing knees, pointed out this hill and that, he'd addressed a blank Gallic profile which gazed in dour rapture upon its native landscape. "You are the signal officer," the Commandant said, turning just once to Brock, and calling above the jeep's rattle, his breath warm with garlic, terrines, cheeses, *eaux de vie*, and more piquancies of the black market on which he'd gorged in recent days, following four years' deprivation. "I do not occupy myself with telephone wires."

The Commandant was usually more civil when talking to Americans, but he had his immodest moods. He was the product of Saint Cyr, and an artillery officer since the early Gaullist days at Brazzaville. Though he was too young to have fought against the Kaiser, his talk suggested weanings of Clausewitz, a baptism by fire at the Marne, and he had made the great march from Lake Chad. At the very memory of that the Commandant's blue eyes would freeze into dense icebergs of allegiance to a hierarchy that

surely was and ever would be unique in the world. Brock felt a bumbling intruder in the stern and Bacchic glories of a professional Frenchman reclaiming France. By the time, a good thirty kilometers off its course, the jeep stopped outside Le Thuis, the Commandant was lost in an impenetrable romance.

So for a moment the fourth member of the party, the Lieutenant-Aspirant, took charge. Tooth-whistling, drumming his fingernails on the stock of his carbine, the apprentice officer surveyed the road-block from the front seat and ordered the Senegalese to roll it away.



William Morehouse

Untitled

Bolles Gallery, San Francisco

The Aspirant got out and wagged his finger in the black soldier's face and, speaking with parental patience, as to a disobedient puppy, ordered him to wait there with the jeep.

The driver offered up a smile, a glimpse of vast white teeth and tribal scars creasing his blue-black cheeks. He rolled his bloodshot eyeballs in a subtle circle up and down—from heaven to hell—and saluted, splaying his thick fingers on the brim of his cap. He said in African French, "Oui, oui, mon L'nant." It was a perfunctory gesture, but defiant and eloquent of mockery.

It made the youth call out nervously, "Mon Commandant! Attendez!"

For the Commandant, a soul in transport, was proceeding toward

the town alone. He held a U. S. Army .45 automatic stiffly before him as though it were a hollow candy toy that would break into a hundred pieces if he dropped it. Into a barnyard the Aspirant followed his chief, and Brock followed the Aspirant. Brock emulated their stiff postures, even padding slightly on flat feet like the Commandant, like the gander that came forth to challenge them at the head of his hissing geese.

"There's no one," the Aspirant said.

"There are Boches."

"That would astound me, mon commandant."

"You don't hear the silence, imbecile?"

The Aspirant went to the farmhouse and, finding the blue wooden door locked, pounded it with his carbine butt. The blue door opened and the farmer emerged coughing fitfully into his denim sleeve. At the sight of three men in uniform, his arms shot instinctively toward the sky and he exclaimed "Oh, mille pardons!" He was a tubby man with curiously rubberlike features, jowls and bulging eyes. After each cough he sniffed tragically and begged a thousand pardons. For a moment he looked like the brilliant Provençal actor Fernandel cowering on the edge of chaos.

"Why do you block the door?" the Aspirant asked. "How many are you hiding in there?"

"Tell him to put his hands down," the Commandant said. "In God's name will you put down your hands?"

"Merci, mon général," said the farmer to the Commandant.

"Where are the Germans?" the Commandant said.

"They are gone. This morning they heard the cannons," the farmer said in desperate patois. "Ils ang foutu le cang, mon général."

"And where did they go?"

The farmer's rubber face contracted and elongated in expressions of stunned, surrealist ignorance. The Aspirant slapped it.

"We will have a look at this barn," the Commandant said.

They walked stealthily behind the farmer, on the balls of their feet now. The farmer hove open the big double doors which groaned and banged against the wall planking. Two half-naked Germans ran out, waving their milky arms crazily. "Kamerad! Kamerad!" One bumped into Brock and made him bite his tongue. The barnyard rang with a pandemonium of geese and the Commandant's shouting.

"I didn't know, didn't know, didn't know." the farmer was chanting. Again from sheer reflex he'd thrown up his hands. "Foul Boches! They kill my cows and take my barn for their horses."

The prisoners, their pasty stomachs heaving over their Wehrmacht trousers, cowered before the Aspirant's carbine. They were tired men in their forties.

"Parlez français?" the Aspirant said. "Parlez français?"

Silence.

The Aspirant dug the farmer with his elbow. "Now you talk to your friends. You will ask them where the others are."

"I didn't know they were here! They're only Polish grooms. They are not even Germans."

"They belong to the German Army and you are ordered to talk to them," the Aspirant said.

"How do you wish me to speak? I do not speak Polish. I do not speak German!"

"Keep your voice down," the Aspirant said. "Are you hoping to call more of your Nazi friends perhaps?"

The farmer coughed, spat, sniffed and raised his chin, deeply injured. "I am not a collaborator," he said hoarsely. "I detest Germans. They kill my cows, they steal my barn. I am a Frenchman," he said.

"Some Frenchman."

"I am a Frenchman, I detest collaborators as I detest Germans. I do not speak German."

The Aspirant threw back his blonde and boyish head, and laughed maniacally at the clouds.

"If you want, I can show you collaborators! I can give you twenty names!" the farmer shouted. "Thirty names! I have hidden Israelites in my house. American aviators have eaten at my table."

"Will you put down your hands?" the Commandant said.

"And keep your voice down," the Aspirant said.

"Now," said the Commandant, "will you have the goodness to ask these Germans how many troops are in the vicinity?"

"But there are no troops, mon général. Ils ont foutu le camp ce matayng."

"Ask." The Aspirant shoved the farmer towards the prisoners, a sudden movement which raised a terrified cackling from the geese.

With desperate, entreating gestures, the man attempted to address

the prisoners. He spoke poor pidgin phrases, yet evidence enough for the Aspirant who whirled on the farmer and boxed his ears.

"Bah! 'Je ne parle pas allemand' dit le con! Bah, salaud!" The young Aspirant bounced from foot to foot in a difficult gavotte, kicking the shins and thighs of the farmer who turned in profile to the blows. "Specie of excrescence . . . You don't know German . . . *Liar!*"

"That's sufficient," the Commandant said, he raised an imperial hand. "Achtung!" The prisoners sprung to attention.

Then the Commandant addressed them masterfully in the German language. In three or four brusque questions he elicited his intelligence from the miserable Poles. Casually, cynically he apprised his companions: the Germans had pulled out at dawn when the French artillery had got very loud in the East. These Polish imbeciles had hid themselves in the hay. They had thrown their jackets away and they had wanted to escape, mind you, to the *English lines*. They wanted to march back to Warsaw with just their trousers on—and retake the city with the Britannic Forces!

The Aspirant snickered. "Eet's a long vey to Teeperarree."

"The estimable Britannic Forces," the Commandant went on in deep scorn, "are at this moment in the environs of Antwerp somewhere. It appears it is the English then who are freeing France," he added in French with lips pursed, and tugged down the lapel of his blouse.

"*And the Americans,*" said the Aspirant.

"Comment vous dites, jeune homme?"

"Mon commandant, je l'ai dit en rigolant."

"You have insulted the Lieutenant."

"But I meant no insult," the Aspirant said nervously. "Like all Americans, the Lieutenant has a sense of humor." From his trousers he produced a pack of cigarettes and held them out to the Commandant, a fresh pack of PX Camels.

"Offer first to the guest in our country," the Commandant snapped. Then he turned back to the prisoners and ordered them to fetch horses.

There were only two horses left behind in the barn, a limping roan with saddle sores deep as cattle brands, and a robust plowhorse. The latter was greatly admired by the Commandant who, viewing the animal's pale coat and fetlocks of an abundance no longer found in the French Percheron, proclaimed it Austrian.

"I will ride you," the Commandant said. "You magnificent beast."

The prisoners ransacked the empty stalls and feed-bins for saddles and bridles. *Los! Schnell! Schnell!* The Aspirant stood with hands on hips and harried them so that they chased each other round and round, flopping on the straw like white cumbrous seals in a circus ring. When the plowhorse was saddled, the Commandant mounted. The Aspirant was holding the roan.

"You will give that horse to Lieutenant Brock."

"Bien, mon commandant." The young man dropped the reins sulkily.

"No," Brock said. "I would prefer to walk." He was not going to ride into the town, an Anglo-Saxon Don Quixote risking his neck for a gesture.

In the end they formed another strange procession. Brock walked in the rear. Ahead of him the Aspirant rode the roan that limped on a split hoof, and over the plowhorse's great rump Brock watched the Commandant in the lead tapping his boots with a German crop. In neat, light khaki, with back braced, neck and head erect beneath his high kepi, he advanced like a corsetière's dummy into the regal blaze of the sun. The shirtless grooms led the horses, their fish-belly skins aglow.

They passed a church which had a boarded entrance and a steeple clock from which the hands had been taken long ago, leaving a circle of rusting numerals about an impotent nub. The street stretched out before them oppressively still, not a chicken, not a cat, bolted doors and shuttered windows, and an erratic wind blew parched dirt into their faces in little hot breaths. It was early afternoon.

3.

"The Poles were *against* the Germans, weren't they? Well weren't they?"

"Yes. Yes, yes." Then, for having spoken testily, Brock made a long and rather martyred labor of explaining how Poles, Czechs, Magyars, Croats, Serbs, Bulgars, yes, and Russians by the thousand had chosen Hitler's army to his concentration camps.

"Think if we have another war. How *can* we, Allen?"

"It's a hot day," he said.

"I wish Francine were here. I think this trip would have been definitely the thing for her. I really do—What's the matter?"

Brock was sulky, but determined not to snap at her again, not to take out his anger on Bettina. This had been his project, planned as a tender obeisance to the past which Bettina was to share somehow. Already he saw that eager as she was, Bettina could not will herself into his mind and he had been selfish, presumptuous, ridiculous to expect her to.

"I wish we'd stayed in Paris," he muttered.

"But why?"

"It was a big mistake to come here."

"Now," she said, "you're just spoiling our afternoon."

As usual, he'd anticipated too much. The actuality was polluting the promise. It was as though by coming here he'd broken into a tomb his mind had sealed long ago with a curse. There'd been a stirring in the dust and lost events rushed over him in a grotesque swarm like bats.

When they reached the farm he said, "Let's not bother going in."

But Bettina begged. She wanted to see where "the famous horses" has been.

The barn doors opened easily, with none of the creaks and banging he remembered, and inside there were no stalls, but rubbish, enormous winecasks and a dismantled still.

"This wasn't it," he said. "I've forgotten where it was."

"Dummy. There's the farmer's house. It has a blue door."

Such was Bettina's unshatterable logic. Brock strode across the yard where once the geese had hissed and he knocked on the farmhouse door.

A lame, tiny grandmother of a figure in red felt slippers appeared on the threshold. She studied the Brocks a moment, resembling nothing so much as a querulous gnome, and fled. They heard her crying inside the house, "Raymond! Raymond, il y a *quelqu'un*." A small, tidy man of middle age emerged reeking of pomade in a moca shirt and a lavender foulard. He had a peculiarly saccharine smile, he could have been a hairdresser.

"Monsieur?"

Brock explained their trespass in the barnyard and apologized.

"Monsieur?"

Brock repeated his explanation slowly and distinctly and in the purest pronunciation he knew. It had been occurring to him lately that his French was not all that he'd thought it was, that it lacked even confidence, much less the breezy assurance he'd known while

singing along with Edith Piaf on the sapphire needled hi-fi of a winter's evening in Greenwich. All too often in Paris this same bewilderment had crept into the faces of clerks and the voices of taxi drivers when Brock engaged them in jocose conversation. It unnerved him, made him stammer and wrack his mouth to say the simplest words.

"Ah!" said the smiling face at last with patient nods. "Ah oui, oui."

". . . I remember this house clearly. As a matter of fact"—Brock concluded with an oratorical pause—"from the day of the liberation."

"Tiens," said the smiling face, and—in the politest way a Frenchman can say, *Is that so?*—"Ça n'est pas possible!"

"That was a day," Brock said. "Wasn't it?"

"Monsieur? Monsieur dit?"

"When Le Thuis was liberated from the Germans."

"You speak of the old days. Ah! There was a farm—"

"In the war," Brock said.

"You know, we lived in Nice during the war. It was so hard for my mother. How ill she was, my mother! We were given only several grams of cheese a month. For two people mind you. My mother . . ." The little man talked volubly.

"In any case," Brock said. "We didn't mean to disturb you."

"In the month of November my mother will be eighty-seven years old. Eighty-seven! We left Nice to be near my sister. There used to be a farm, but the people went away."

The Brocks walked back to the street.

"Why should you be so low?" Bettina asked. "Wasn't he perfectly polite?"

"He was an obsequious simp."

"Oh, Honey."

The highway ran through the center of Le Thuis, making a bissection which was geometric proof of the town's existence from the road. It was precisely four P.M. when they passed the first church where the town began. There would be another church in the same sentinel's position at the end of town. The steeple clock had been restored and made into a towering smithy now clanging down the furious hours like molten horseshoes.

Brock weaved behind his wife down the tiny sidewalk and shrugged his way through perspiring pedestrians. The air churned with dust and carbon monoxide. Elephantine diesel trucks belched from their sides, at the height of a man's chest, balloons of soot, and a butcher

dashed about his open stand with sheets of newspaper to save his meats. They passed windows festooned with post-cards and shops which offered sun-glasses, hassocks, fishpoles, butterfly nets at larcenous prices. Rock Hudson appeared nibbling the ear of Debbie Reynolds on a movie poster. Here was a meretricious Snack Bar, a competing restaurant forced to offer motorists a *menu gastronomique* at three hundred francs; there a gaudy brasserie dispensing garnished sauerkraut to a bus load of pink and hearty Germans. The doughty moralist in Brock, not reconciled as Europeans are to watching Germans throng all gemütlich and forgiven through the lands of their abomination, was the more censorious of the boomtown atmosphere which polluted his illusions. Le Thuis was finally another shoddy fungus on the Route Nationale, like the drab stop-offs between Lyons and Paris where the past lay on a bier of gas pumps, defunct under the trampling free-for-all of progress.

Isn't it jam-packed?" Bettina said. "Don't you feel like Rip Van Winkle?"

"It's just another tourist trap."

"Oh foo. I suppose we're not tourists?"

At last they came to the town square. It was a humble, grassless park but compared to the street, a grove in Arcadia. Old men loafed on benches, sucking pipes in the shade of the plane trees, or played the desultory bowling game of the region, the painfully aimed iron balls landing with numb thuds and puffs of dust. A cafe had pre-empted a corner of the square for more tables, more customers. The present occupants were youth, come by Vespa into the provinces from Paris and Saint Germain des Près. A girl held a portable radio in her lap and a red-haired boy with sideburns and a duck-tail cut danced a loutish mambo at arm's length with a brassiere. Brock stared at the Baudelaire girls, and they at him. He was tempted to make some apology—"I'm American. I admit it."—but he only gazed at the mannered angles of their necks and lips, the young thighs and bare underarms that would never know a depilatory agent, each tuft a voluptuous mockery of maidenhood, to the breasts giving invitations primordial under lascivious blouses acquired by instinct and at a tenth the cost of Bettina shopping on the Rue de Rivoli.

The mambo stopped.

The radio spoke in a feminine lilt. ". . . C'est pas un savon! C'est le savon!" And a long silence before the next record.

Bettina walked by with a delicate sashay in her vermilion toreador pants.

"Quelle horreur!" the Baudelaire girls said. "*Qu'est-ce que c'est que cela?*"

Brock smiled. He could not construe a specific insult to his wife, but a traditional response, the robust cynicism and futile xenophobia congenital and therefore forgivable in the truly French. He was wondering how to explain this nuance to Bettina when, unexpectedly, before the empty bandstand he recognized the *Monument aux Morts*.

A bronze *poilu* staggered with green rifle and bayonet atop a chalky column imbedded in deep rows with the names of the remembered dead. The statue was a wan anomaly in Le Thuis, an eidolon really, attended with as much civic interest as a Hittite tablet in Atlantic City.

Verdigris. Amnesia.

Then, was this the scene of violence and glory?

"You've got cigarette paper stuck on your lip, honey. Allen, let me . . ."

"Please, now, please." He fended her off with one arm and while describing a languid semi-circle with the other, he sought to impress her with the significance of this place.

"You want to know something? This is where they gave me the goddamn Croix de Guerre."

4.

Twenty-four hours after the liberation of Le Thuis, Brock had stood before the *Monument aux Morts* and waited for the Colonel. The Colonel was coming to bestow a manly kiss on both his cheeks and award the medal. The *Croix de Guerre* was a rosy figment to him then, deliriously invested with the novels of P. C. Wren, honor torn from Dreyfus' breast, a particle of Joan of Arc. So he had berated himself for having lacked the courage to refuse an apotheosis which he farcically undeserved. He no more believed in the ceremony while it was taking place than he could believe in it years hence as the details merged into a fluff for titillating his vanity, and he was seduced by the sentiments that bubbled from Bettina—"Allen, it isn't every day you get the Croix de Guerre."

The object of the ceremony, he quickly learned, was not so much

to glorify the participants as to gratify the spectators. At least that was the Commandant's explanation and he already had the *Croix de Guerre*, with two palms. "As senior officer," the Commandant had argued when Brock expressed his reluctance to be decorated, "as senior officer, I would prefer to avoid pomp of any sort. But you understand this is a small forgotten town whose people have suffered much. We owe them something. It is a question of morale. I grant that we are not heroes. Nevertheless, we were the first to enter the town, and it can be said that we are responsible for its liberation. One might say by luck—"

"Dumb luck," Brock said in English.

"Oh yes," the Aspirant said in English. "Dumb luck!" He chuckled, as if delighted to have perceived a profoundly American innuendo.

"Small gestures," the Commandant continued, "such as the one that's asked of us have great meaning for the people of these little towns."

And, strutting martinet, he was dead right.

The spirited widows of Le Thuis, dressed in weeds and finery, had gathered for singing the *Marseillaise*. They sang it presently in voices harsh from yesterday's shouting, when in the throes of liberation, ardent daughters of the *tricoteuses*, they'd pounded on Brock's bewildered mind the urgency of wiping traitors from the face of the earth. They sang their national anthem twice, joined by the quavering voices of the town fathers who, with canes and rosettes of campaigns against the Riffs, gazed at the proceedings rheumily. Two boys with muddy knees held high the corners of their country's flag.

The recipients of these honors formed two unequal ranks, the Commandant, the Lieutenant-Aspirant, and Brock in front of an odd dozen tatterdemalions of the FFI. The scorching climate of yesterday had turned a depressing ooze, the dusty square to clay, during the night's thunderstorms. The sky was a grey wash. The Commandant had put a transparent waterproofing over his kepi. At last a bugle sounded, and the rolling of one drum. On loan from a quartermaster battalion, a squad of sloe-eyed Annamites presented arms. And the Aspirant muttered impertinently to Brock, "Of course, in the American Forces medals are dispensed by *drouhm majorettes*. *Très originale*—I saw it in the cinema."

"Silence," the Commandant whispered.

A command car rolled into the square and stopped. The Colonel

came loping toward the assemblage in a raincoat. He was saluting passionately in all directions, and in a tremendous hurry which he emphasized in a repertoire of grimaces and hortatory raspings of the throat. Brock, when his name was called, stepped smartly to the front and halted before the Colonel with a snap of sodden boot heels and exchanged an American for a French salute. An unseen stentor from regimental headquarters read out his citation...

A grotesque fabrication it was, and the Aspirant had written most of it, couched in metric syllables that struggled after Racine and Corneille. Trying not to hear, he heard in snatches of his own trepidity. From the storming of the farmer's barn to the culminating moment when Lieutenant Brock by his own hand, unaided, had captured sixteen of the enemy.

Brock ground his toes into the mud in a fury of embarrassment, his eyes fixed the leathery wattles of the Colonel's throat. Ever afterward he was to think of the Colonel as a stunted messiah, as a bogus De Gaulle, a man who had the head of a moose, was tall enough to pass for the authentic figure, but lacked the majestic clumsiness. In the Colonel's grey eyes were certain Wagnerian adumbrations of destiny which seemed entirely and badly rehearsed. This unfortunate Colonel had happened through Le Thuis on the second day of its great re-joining. As the highest ranking officer in sight, he'd been pressed to this task, to his plain annoyance, by the clamouring locals. For a member of General De Lattre's staff, he was already dangerously far behind his commander and pathetically anxious to catch the tanks which were chasing up the Rhone valley before his absence became acute; the colonel was in no mood for amenities. He jabbed the ribbon on Brock's chest and bent from the waist ponderously, mumbling some kind of congratulation, and hugged Brock in a semblance of the heroes' embrace.

The ceremony lasted fourteen minutes by Brock's wrist watch and throughout the Colonel's command car waited in the street, motor idling and driver alert. Amid a parting flurry of salutes the Colonel climbed in and disappeared in a roar to the north, to Lyons, which had fallen that morning according to the latest reports.

"I suppose we should return to Headquarters," Brock suggested, for he shared now the Colonel's desperation to get away. "They'll be asking what happened to us."

"If you desire to return," the Commandant said, "then most

assuredly you should. Would you have the goodness to inform them that we are proceeding to Lyons."

"And Villefranche. My fiancée lives in Villefranche," the Aspirant said smoothly. "But I know I can have confidence in you, old chap. You will be discreet if they ask questions."

"Is it true about Lyons?" Brock asked.

"Not the slightest doubt," the Commandant said. "My dear friend, this dirty war is nearly won." He reacted to Brock's doubting smile in hurt surprise. Hadn't there been an attempt on Hitler's life? Wasn't the Wehrmacht demolished? Its whimpering remnants fleeing through the Vosges back into Germany in terror of the First French Army and General De Lattre de Tassigny?

Those were the fervid tidings coursing through Le Thuis that morning. Everybody said Paris was free, France would be free, but there was not a moment to lose. When his French companions climbed into the jeep, Brock could only shake their hands with envy and wave them off to seize Jerusalem.

So Brock rode back to the regiment alone, sheepishly, sitting on a case of C rations in the rear of a hauled truck. The cruel town was already losing itself to him in the drunken unreality of yesterday. There kept coming back to his senses a hundred faces in ineradicable light, hot smells and shouts.

Yesterday he was following the Commandant and his preposterous train to the center of town. There he slipped down a narrow street, because if it was dangerous to walk alone, it was madness to follow the Frenchmen on horseback who were sitting ducks for any rooftop sniper. Brock skulked from doorway to barred doorway. Outside a Bar Tabac, he heard at last the dreadful quiet shattered by women's voices and he hurried toward the sound.

Inside the little room two women with abundant false blonde and wire-like hair were rattling their bracelets on the zinc bar and laughing like fond sisters at a joke.

"Bonjour!" Brock said and grinned.

In Algiers he had seen French whores, but never like this, intimate and merry by themselves and the world be damned. They wore thick platform shoes and sleeveless dresses that exposed vaccination marks like craters on their shining arms. Brock rejoiced to see them, Reuben-esque sisters laughing against the silence.

"Ça va?" he said.

They looked him over, their faces changed to crass, professional moulds.

"Heil Hitler," one said finally. "I thought you boys had gone away."

"I'm not German," Brock said.

"You're not French."

He held out the sleeve of his jacket where he wore a white brassard with the Stars and Stripes.

"He's a *maquisard*."

"Are you a cop?"

"If you're a *maquisard*, then here we are. Take what you want. You're welcome to it—" The speaker held out her open palms and appraised herself, legs, belly, breasts, in a gesture of dismay—"what's left of it."

Her friend broke into loud laughter and in a moment both were laughing. The sisterliness was restored.

"He's not badly set up, this *maquisard*."

"I'm American," Brock said. "American."

"The Americans are here."

"The war is over!"

"Did he come from Normandy?"

"Give me a kiss . . . he's not bad, this little American?"

"Mon p'tit Sami, give me a kiss."

"Joli p'tit Amerlot."

Parisians, they came from the Gare de l'Est and Denfert-Rochereau.

The shelves of the Bar Tabac were bare but for dusty bottles of Amer Picon, Byrrh, an untouched litre of Anis in which sugar crystals clung doggedly to bits of straw, and there was no tobacco at all. The room smelled acrid from the chicory brewed ersatz coffee so cynically known as "Café Nationale" and at the same time pungent from the scented soaps the girls had washed their hair in—"just this morning," they giggled, "just for nice little Americans."

Brock drank the tepid new wine which they poured him in rapid glassfuls, chattering and flirting—"Would you like to go upstairs now? We will celebrate the war's end, the three of us, you are so young and strong." The patronne was in back, they said, hiding under her bed. For months she had been cheating everybody, the old bag, *salope*, selling German cheese to the French and French eggs to the Germans. Now she was afraid the *Maquis* would shoot



Charles Stevenson "Bachantes" Courtesy Stuart Raffel Collection, Los Angeles

her. But what was there to be afraid of now that the Americans were here?

"The Americans are not here," Brock said, his elbows on the bar. "You don't believe me."

They laughed, leant against him from either side, each hugging an arm, running their hands over his thighs, tickling his stomach beneath the belt buckle.

"You will send away the maquisards?"

"They are disgusting."

"They are dirtier than Germans, the maquisards."

"You will take us with you to Paris."

"You will take us in your airplane?"

An explosion sounded in the distance, and another, which spilled wine from their glasses.

"Boum!"

"Beaucoup boum boum."

"I must go," Brock said. He was devoid of any feeling of duty and happily and egotistically satisfied, yet he couldn't stay; something might have happened to the Commandant. The day was chaos.

"You stay with us. We'll drink up the old bag's wine."

Brock heard the backfire and creaking of a big unlubricated vehicle. "Toujours le bombardement" the girls complained, "Enfin c'est enmerdant ça!" He ran outside and they with him.

An armored car was weaving crazily up the little street. The turret gun swung the full one hundred eighty degrees from side to side as though shooing flies, and from the radio antenna flew an outsized battle flag, scarlet with a clean white circle enclosing the blackest swastika that Brock had ever seen.

"Zut," the girls said at his elbow. "Il doit être saoûl, c'lui là."

Brock jerked them inside.



The girls screamed at each other what to do.

"Hide."

"It would be a confession. . ."

"Mais *non!*"

"Mais *si!*"

"Quiet!" Profanely and in the Holy Name Brock entreated them to silence, and they argued on. An hour passed like this in several seconds, as the armored car came closer, louder. In a decrescendo of clattering and squeaks, it stopped at the doorstep. Brock bolted. He leapt over the zinc bar and discovered that his carbine was useless because it had no cartridge clip. The girls were watching him struggle to take a clip from his belt.

"Regards—l'américain galant et fière. Le conquérant."

"Quel conquérant."

Brock came out of his hiding place. "What is it?" he asked.

"Is that what you're afraid of? Soldier. Brave protector."

He looked out the door again and blushed to the ears at what he saw. The Nazi battle flag was a captured trophy.

And the armored car was no part of a Panzer division. It was a joke, a French relic of an anterior war, a memory of Daladier and the Maginot Line, yet it had a magnificence of its own. It might have been stolen from the Place des Invalides, snatched from its post as guardian to Napoleon's bones, by some prankish deputation from the Quartier Latin. Painted white upon its side was a rampant tiger—a ferocious sabertooth, Brock presumed, for he was struck by the primordial technique of the artist. Below the paws, he read the bold device:

ALLONS-Y

GUY

The signature was executed with a devastating flourish, as though by

Guy himself.

A short time later the Lieutenant-Aspirant presented Brock to Guy, a legendary maquis chief of the region. Sufficient unto himself, he bore no arms. He was a burly man in a plain white shirt and blue serge trousers fastened with a tigerskin belt. It was said that this belt had been sent Guy clandestinely by a feminine admirer, a woman of extraordinary beauty (*une comtesse quelconque, une artiste du cinéma*) from far off Madagascar. MacArthur has his corncob pipe, Guy his tigerskin belt. Guy was Corsican, his face was round and red; he shook hands crushingly and said "charmé" instead of "enchanté"—a vulgarity that made the Commandant cringe.

Guy explained with a paternal amusement that he had four such armored cars. They were abandoned *chars d'assault*, sequestered from the North after Petain surrendered, and each equally useless to guerilla operations save for purposes of pageantry. "But he thought they were German!" the Aspirant hooted. Guy rolled in his chair with mirth, and Brock was wretchedly embarrassed again.

Two of Guy's men climbed down from the turret. They rubbed the sweat from their foreheads with their shirtsleeves. One propped a Sten gun against a wheel and knelt to tie his bootlace, while the other approached the Bar Tabac twirling a pair of goggles around his finger.

"Smile," the girls advised each other. "Show how pretty you are!"

The maquisards shook hands with Brock. They were near his age, or younger, and wore red berets and white scarves cut from parachutes which had floated supplies down to them by moonlight from lonely airplanes. Brock offered them Wrigley's Juicy Fruit chewing gum and the young men accepted it shyly.

"It is very good for the teeth."

"You don't swallow it?"

"Of course you do. It gives force to the blood!"

One was from Marseille, the other from Narbonne, but their families lived in Corsica. One of the girls, with a radiant smile, ventured that while she'd never seen Corsica, she understood it was a marvelous place.

"What were the explosions?" Brock asked.

Some black soldiers had tried to cross a mined pasture, ignorant savages. It was too bad. Anybody could have told them about the mines.

The second girl whistled a long sad note and popped her lips at the end of it, to imitate the career of a skyrocket. "Pauvres noirs," she said.

As the sun beat on them, the girls' heads were not simply blonde, but copper and shimmering reds. When Brock said good-bye to them, they were clinging fast to the young men's arms, clucking, guiding them indoors. "Viens, p'tit maquisard . . . Viens avec . . ."

Brock went back to the main street, searching for the Commandant. In less than half an hour the spell had been broken by the heavy tramp-tramp of boots. Shuttered doors and windows burst open from end to end of Le Thuis. And the inhabitants, as though startled from their frozen state by a preternatural wand, flew from the shadows to the glaring pavements to look, flew indoors again to prod, coax, carry blinking into the light bawling infants and gnarled octogenarians to augment the jubilation. So many men proclaimed their patriotism by sporting crosses of Lorraine and ribbon-bits of the tricolor that it seemed on sight that the town had been a secret plexus of Resistance bent on hastening this day.

And Brock became the first American to set foot in France. As in a dream, he was dancing on cobblestones with skinny girls who giggled, being kissed by farm wives and hugged in their gummy arms. He met temptresses of the proletariat with wet lips and knowing eyes and found that for certain things and leaving them untold there was no way but in French, a language like the swift touch of these women's fingers on his cheeks. Dirty children were held up to touch the American flag on his sleeve—"Mais ces sont de nos couleurs, maman!" The town fathers engaged him sagely—"Mais vous parlez magnifiquement bien le français, monsieur"—on the Marquis de Lafayette, Benjamin Franklin and Al Capone, the Argonne Forest and the devastations of the United States Army Air Corps. He sampled sausages and cheeses, wine dribbled in a warm stream down his throat and chest, all while the din kept mounting with the tramp of boots.

Two companies of the German garrison had been encircled on their westward retreat by Goumier infantry. A detail of these sallow, hawk-faced Muslims, their thin lips spitting Koranic, soul-destroying curses, long spider men on nimble legs had driven their prisoners ten kilometers. The enemy in soup green uniforms marched four abreast, a dripping herd, hands locked behind their heads and staring bleakly forward. The officers in the lead rank stared bleakly ahead, as if

their one concern was how to breach the mob without breaking step. A one-legged man hopped out wielding his crutch in their unflinching Junker faces; an adolescent boy swooped along the prisoners' ranks, hands flapping from his ears, making donkey brays, and from a roof some children rained down spoiled apricots delightedly on the Aryan heads. Prisoners, prisoners and more were brought from side streets by the young men with berets and Sten guns.

A number of maquisards had come in a bus, an authentic "gazogène," a fat conveyance that had bumped over rocks and river beds on threadbare tires stuffed with shavings for as many years as inner tubes had been extinct in France. It was driven by steam produced in a charcoal boiler which was attached to its rear by a sooty detail of pipes. The sides of the bus bore white letters a foot high:

ALLONS-Y — GUY

The gazogène now stood before the *Monument aux Morts*, an exhibition to enchanted eyes, for this shoddy thing from which had sprung so many men at arms was not vastly different from the Horse of Troy. It was wonderful, and a more fetching cynosure than all four tiger-painted *chars d'assault* drawn up around it. Or than the Commandant's plowhorse tethered to its bumper. The Commandant had tied the animal there himself, and therein lay a tale.

A little while ago, it seemed, the Polish grooms had been taken from the Commandant and marched off with the other prisoners, leaving no one to tend the mounts. The Aspirant was content to let his vanish, but the Commandant had entrusted the plowhorse to a dimpled boy of eight or nine. For about three minutes the child stood numb with pride, the reins in his hand and his head in the exact stiff pose as when the Commandant, dismounting, had patted it approvingly.

Brock was wondering if this little Frenchman would live to tell his grandchildren of this honor, when he saw the boy drop the reins and insouciantly scamper off to join his playmates climbing on the roof of Guy's magical gazogène. The plowhorse was left to roam the crowded street, listlessly bumping people, and when it strayed too near the marching prisoners, a Goumier whacked its muzzle with a rifle barrel. The beast whinnied and shied into a cluster of shrieking women, so the Commandant was obliged to rush among them with pained apologies and retrieve the reins. He led the horse to the gazogène and tied it to the bumper while the furies pursued him,

their insults a ringing gallimaufry about his ears. The Commandant submitted to this without a word, a taxing experience for a man of pride. The Aspirant hadn't noticed. He sat, the Commandant's aid, an able bodied youth of twenty, and chatted at a café table with no less a personage than the maquis chieftain, Guy. The Aspirant was basking in reflected glory, casting Camel cigarettes to an admiring public ringed round the table. At this sight the Commandant flew into a rage, and spoke of Corsican gangsters, Bolshevik assassins. They would be dealt with soon enough, rounded up, disarmed, put in the Army, or prison, where Bolshevik Corsican rubbish belonged, or shot. Meantime they and the pretentious gangster who called himself their leader would be ignored. . . . "You understand, ignored?"

Almost a hundred young men to ignore. They wore their berets at a tilt like the *Chasseurs Alpains* and played with their guns, slapping the metal stocks from hand to hand, and strolled through the crowd like messengers of judgment.

And now and again in the absence of a better constituted authority, they were called upon themselves to judge. To make finger-snap decisions on the sidewalk as to the disposition of people denounced.

Denunciations—the roundelay of calumnies, counter-calumnies, execrable truths, threats, entreaties which would continue tomorrow and tomorrows by the month—were in first eruption here. The baker insisted the coal merchant had grown rich betraying patriots. With chattering teeth, the coal merchant swore on the heads of his children that what the baker said was not so. The druggist's sister had been seen in Toulon mounting the steps of the Gestapo building. "Mais non! Mais non!" Damning fingers, brandished fists. "Vous vous trompez, monsieur!" Brock was so astonished by the forces of depravity that for a minute he didn't recognize the man who was tugging at his sleeve and pointing passionately at windows, fairly hopping up and down in eagerness to conduct Brock to the dwellings of collaborators known but to him. He was in fact the farmer whose loyalty had been sullied at the barn, and he'd put on his Sunday suit and come into town with burning cheeks, resplendent in his country's colors, to achieve his vindication. "I can show you," he kept saying, waving a sheet of paper. "I have written names. I will show you the names!"

Guy had charged his men, pending such legal formalities as might be pending, with the safety of denounced suspects. A sorry group of

men and women of uncertain age was being held in front of the inn, watched by a crowd from across a corridor kept open by the red berets and Sten guns. The guards had hit upon a way to enliven their lacklustre chore without actually violating their instructions. A large poster in the image of Maréchal Petain was placed upon the sidewalk, one of the enlarged portraits of that hoary face which bore the motto: TRAVAIL, FAMILLE, PATRIE and hung the length and breadth of France in schoolroom and on kitchen walls instilling thrift, punctuality and kindred virtues in the nation's children. One by one the suspects were called to kneel before this poster in attitudes of Christian prayer. Their obeisance delighted the audience but registered appallingly on the features of a passing priest, who threatened to report the blasphemy to Guy. Consequently, not without some protest, the rite was discontinued. The detained women wept and gnawed their knuckles, a man called, "Father you know us! Can't you see us?" but the priest at that instant happened to be holding a mother's baby in his hands and was giving it his diligent admiration.

A stout, florid citizen ended the hiatus by striding forward, arms folded across his chest, to edify the gathering with his military service in Indo China—"dans l'extrême orient on sait le faire comme il faut." It was at his insistence that the martyrs were ordered to fall to their knees as a group, prostrate themselves—"comme les chinois adorants"—and beat the dust with outstretched palms and foreheads in the ultimate, irreproachably pagan obsequy of the true kow-tow. And through the loud acclamation that ensued the old Maréchal gazed tenderly upon his worshippers.

The priest hastily blessed the baby, smiled beatifically at the mother, and hurried away in a bustle of black raiment, making merry little bows to right and left. One muscular lad of Guy's, a peasant's son flushed with wine and godless politics, shouted, "Father!" and shook at the departing black figure the crooked elbow and clenched fist of his left arm. "On vous aura mon père!"

The hot wind had risen mingling the dampness of people hurrying everywhere with the many emanations of spilled wine and trampled flowers, the smells of dried offal and urine which the commotion shook from the cobbles and the sun drew upward. The wind was a narcotic in Brock's nostrils as efficient as the musth of maddened elephants and with it came an incomprehensible swell of voices. Brock felt himself vanishing. He was being summoned

into the pulse of the mob, as a different being into another brain. Now he was running with the rest on feet too violent to be his own, bulling, bucking against bodies so that he could see without obstruction and for the roar in his ears hardly comprehending what he saw.

The clerical staff of the Organization TODT was being flushed from a cellar. Four or five or six of them staggered onto the street, cannoning against each other, already bleeding from nose or temples. A man groped for his glasses that had been knocked off, and they were stamped by a boot. On all fours, grey face luminous with tears, he wailed. "Please, sir, I cannot see!" A boot caught his ear, he was wrenched to his feet by a great black hand.

For some time Senegalese soldiers wreathed in smiles had been materializing like gins from the ether. A random band looting the German offices had found the clerks. The Senegalese were reveling in public approbation, an attention as unfamiliar to them in their colonial jungles as on this strange soil of their motherland, a sentiment they'd never known from the remote white officers who led them her. For applause they played cat and mouse with the stumbling clerks, jogged down the street in an impish dance, yanked their captives' ears, prodded them with rifles, and smiled back with brilliant teeth, continually back at the mob to be sure it was still there. One happy warrior had come by the dress sword of an SS officer, a thin blade with a point adequate, if deftly flicked, to disintegrate a pair of trousers and carve neat stripes upon the buttocks. The public screamed in waves of fright and delight like riders on a roller coaster—"woo . . . hoo . . . woo . . ."

Brock was borne on the surge, the lyncher's hate raced through him, he was suffused with righteous might. Was there another answer to the degradation of these flabby men who wilfully, boastfully served the enemy in his forced labor program—packed off their townsmen in the dark nights on weekly quotas by freight car to Germany and horrors yet untold—and who having done that now blubbered for mercy?

A clerk stumbled, the women were on him slapping and scratching.

"Mon Edouard. Où il est? Où est mon Edouard?"

"Rendez-moi mon fils!"

Brock heard his own yelling as though it were a siren screaming at an infinite distance. His phantom revealed him Cain and Tor-

quemada through smoke, careened with him beneath the earth where black syrups bubbled in streams and gigantic beetles chittered over a vastness of dry bone. Somebody was clawing his shoulder, grey face who'd lost his glasses. "Sir," he was saying, "with your gun. Please shoot me. Kill me, sir." Brock shook off the loathsome weight and saw the man fall and a young woman with daisies in her hair pounce on his back. He ran only a little longer, appalled by the geysers hurling within him. Who am I? He thought. Who? Tell me who.

At the far end of the town, when his eyes were smarting with dust, Brock stopped short and turned his back to the crowd. A second church was here, smaller than the first, but tidy and in use. He sat on the church steps and rested with eyes closed. Then with deep, relaxing breaths he stretched out his hands and watched like a true dissipate for his fingers to be still. The steps commanded a turning of the street which was like a furnace in the sun, and as he looked down his trembling fingers Brock had a superlative view of the next procession. The adorers of Petain were being marched out of town. They walked slowly, shepherded by the red berets, and the crowd followed them in an odd funereal hush. In the lead Brock saw an old woman moving at the slow pace of her years in a black slip, her head shaven bare. Of course, she was the proprietress of the Bar Tabac and they must have found her hidden under the bed upstairs. Stark naked, walking side by side behind her—Brock knew them instantly by their vaccination marks—were the two whores living off Germans. As they approached so sedately they were never more like sisters, replete with their nudity, too fat, with fallen breasts and big legs glistening. They were bald as Buddhist monks. The nearer turned her grotesque head towards the church and grinned directly at Brock. He slid crabwise off the steps and ran away.

A short distance into the countryside he came to a hedge and flung himself in its shade. He lay on his stomach, foolishly chewing at grass and swallowing the moisture. His mouth tasted like parched newspapers; when he felt his face it was powdered with dust and the corners of his mouth were crusted. Brock remained rigid a good while, trying to compose his thoughts, forget his thoughts, to purge the panic that still held him. He thought how fine it would be to go back to the tidy church and see the stained glass saints. He would

settle himself, head in arms, in a cool pew and let God be afraid.

Bugs were buzzing over his head. Brock swatted his neck and drew back a wasp half crushed in his hand, its wings fluttering. It seemed queer that he hadn't been stung, and next it came to him that he could be stung. He leapt up, shaking his wrist. Wasps and flies were swarming through the hedge of dense acacia higher than Brock's head. A concentrated hum came from the other side, where he would have judged a wasps' nest to be, were there not so many flies. He went to investigate and rounding the hedge stepped full on the cheek of a dead Senegalese.

The soldiers had blundered upon the mines at just this edge of a pasture. Two pits of fresh dirt were blown open by the charges and between the pits two corpses had fallen one upon the other, as though there'd been a spectacular collision in mid-air. They lay in an X and their pink eyes were staring, their great tar-baby faces laughing at an endless joke. They look so happy, they're immortal, he thought. They have their tribal scars and teeth like ivory for laughing at us while they frolic with the houris forever. Then he saw that the man on top had his legs blown off at the hips and nothing was left of his clothing. The angle of the sun gave a haunting iridescence to the black trunk, making it sparkle like a panther's coat, the wings of an exotic moth, a thousand razor blades. Where the rump had been were rough slabs of crimson rimmed with black that resembled venison freshly bled and charred on coals. The meat was seething with bugs. Brock tried to wave them off with his carbine but at each feeble swipe they rose with a whirl before his eyes and plunged back to their feasting. Brock started to gag in despicable spasms that brought to his lips the hero's bounty of wine and sausage and prized cheese thrust on him by the admiring citizens.

"Il y en a seize qui veulent se rendre!"

"Il y a des allemands!"

Brock was cold with nausea. His nostrils were blocked with a putrid sweetness.

"M'sieur, il y a seize soldats..."

"M'sieur!"

"Sieur!"

Propping himself with his carbine, Brock waited for the spasms to cease. He concentrated on the hedge which might have been

the last identifiable thing on earth. It was like a tropic forest through which he might crawl from the sun.

"There are sixteen German soldiers who wish to surrender!"

Two little girls were running to him through the center of the minefield, holding hands.

"Stop!" he yelled.

The children bounded on, calling to him in high excitement.

"Stand still!"

When they were close enough, Brock dashed into an exploded pit and pulled the children by the legs in on top of him. They gave little screams and strained from him. A cloud of insects redescended to a dark coagulating mass on the pit's edge. "Little idiots," Brock said, but the fright had restored him. His sickness was washed away in the tears running shamelessly down his cheeks as he hugged the little girls and kissed their oily hair. "There's nothing to be afraid of," he said. "Don't be afraid."

He supposed they were eight and six years old, no more. As he carried them to the hedge, he felt them very thin and hard, little skeletons, their ribs cutting his arms. He set them down, and when the elder saw the corpses, she stepped forward like a sleepwalker, leading the younger by the hand.

They talked in high rising and softly falling voices.

"Regarde."

"Il n'a pas de jambes..."

"Oo les mouches."

"Ils sont deux..."

"Qu'il est noir... Un sauvage noir."

"Est-ce qu'ils sont morts? ... M'sieur les tués?"

Brock saw them home, to a stone house with a well on the edge of the pasture. Their mother rushed him behind the house. And there, from a pattern of shallow trenches sixteen German boys came out to meet him with their hands in the air—Brock's moment.

After that and for the rest of the day his spirits fell.

The Lieutenant-Aspirant had sent to the farm of the patriotic farmer for the plumpest of his geese. The intimidated servant girls employed by the inn, three strapping maids who wrung their hands, proved unequal to the task of strangling the tough neck. So the Aspirant took his liberated Luger in both hands and slumping on the kitchen step, took aim through fumes of wine, blew off the en-

raged bird's head and bade the weeping girls clean up. That evening Brock and his colleagues dined on goose in the dining room of the inn.

Since the establishment had been a German officers' billet, the complicity of the proprietor and his wife was beyond dispute. Save from the context of the Aspirant's insults, neither had been given an intimation of what their fate might be once the feast was over, and they were not a pair who bore suspense lightly. The wife had managed some equanimity during the lengthy preparations in the kitchen, but she was undone by the serving. Approaching the Commandant's chair, she had a seizure that sent a dish of string beans flying from her hands and shattered it on the tiled floor. For that she spent the remainder of the night on a stool faced into the corner of the dining room. The husband assumed her duties, going woodenly to and from cellar and larder with the pick of his hoardings. Silent but for his wheezing breath, he glanced at the corner when sometime his wife gave way to feline fits of keening. The servant girls, meanwhile, were confined to bedrooms in a far wing to which Guy's men had easy access through a side door.

All through the meal the Aspirant and the Commandant chattered assiduously—perhaps to demonstrate the non-existence of Guy's miquisards who were everywhere outside, disporting themselves to feminine laughter, dancing on table tops, on the *Monument aux Marts*, and singing. The *Marseillaise*, the *Internationale*, *Auprès de Ma Blonde*. While in the candle-lit dining room, seated like potentates upon the tall Provençal chairs, the Commandant told the Aspirant his reminiscences, the Aspirant told the Commandant of fiancée in Casablanca, and neither paid a moment's heed to what the other said. The patron removed the plates, brought pre-war toothpicks, exquisite Camembert and Armagnac grandly bottled for the Wehrmacht. Brock scarcely touched his drink; the atmosphere depressed him profoundly. He went out into the raucous street and watched the circus until the first thunder-shower broke out of the south.

When Brock passed through the dining room on his way to bed, the Aspirant announced that since there was to be a sort of ceremony in the morning, and it was not impossible that they would be importuned to accept some decoration for today's adventure, he had taken the liberty of writing Brock's citation for him in French.

Hearing this, the Commandant scowled. He warned the young man never to take anything for granted in this life. "Faut pas

compter," he said.

The Commandant was playing chess with his most distinguished prisoner, a German officer of equal rank. The Commandant had captured him unarmed and solitary, drinking champagne in the salon, reading Goethe, a portrait of Teutonic resignation. The enemy major was long nosed and lemon blonde and spoke volubly in excellent French of his arm wound, of Tobruk, of being invalidated out of the Afrika Korps, and subsequent garrison duty in San Remo and Le Thuis. Was it true, the Commandant wanted to know, wanted to know "entre-nous," that Hitler had requested a secret meeting with De Gaulle? "Haw," said the Nazi and smiled impeccably. Well, Hitler was not a mad man, was he? And the German smiled and asked who could determine madness in a world gone mad? "Tandis que Napoleon . . ." the Commandant was saying, leaning across the chessboard to light his prisoner's cigarette.

The Commandant's driver sat guard under a naked light bulb, a rifle across his knees. He would get up and bound puppylike across the room to poke awake the inn's proprietor who was nodding on a stool in the corner opposite his wife.

That night Brock retired between rough linen sheets in a musty bedroom while the thunderstorms shook the windowpanes and lashed them with a chilly rain. In spite of his fatigue, he awoke often with his hands in fists and stray thoughts like steel filings tearing in his mind. He tried but could not shut out the cruel day, nor obliterate the knowledge of what he'd done and had not done to shape it. He would stare at the outline of the bedposts while his tired muscles grew tense and his shame gathered up in a knot.

5.

"Oh lah lah lah . . . say magni-FEE-kah!"

Bettina Brock, having done some shopping, walked back to the town square in search of her husband. She was laden with white parcels, singing the gay phrase of French that had haunted her since Paris. Allen, she saw, was still sitting at the café table where she'd left him about half an hour before. She could tell that he was still sulking. He was pressing his palm over an empty beer glass, studying the struggle of a trapped fly. When she spoke, he looked up dourly and the fly escaped.

"Stop sulking," she teased him. "After all the war is over. So

you can stop fighting it now." She laughed. "Look at you boozing in the sun! Anybody would think you were a seedy poet. Drinking absinthe or something."

She meant it playfully, and yet he did look seedy or anyway pretty foolish, sitting there, ogling the Paris bobby-soxers, brooding in his shirtsleeves, pretending he was French. "Look what I got," Bettina said.

"Smile, smile. Do you ever stop smiling?"

How very few times, Brock thought, have I spoken to her sarcastically that way. "What do you know?" he tried to say affably. "You found some espadrilles."

Bettina opened all her packages and spread them on the table for his inspection. There were espadrilles for the children—green for Andy, little blue ones for Bobby—espadrilles in opulent brocade for her mother, orange espadrilles for Brock's brother Les, rose for her sister Francine, red for Francine's husband, Morris. Espadrilles for every foot. A spectrum of espadrilles. "They have rope soles," she said. "I suppose you could play tennis in them?"

She'd also bought nougat, turned gooey in the sun.

"I don't see why not," she said.

"Not what?"

"Play tennis in them."

Carefully they rewrapped each package, she requesting he remember which was for whom.

"What is the name for these things again?" she asked.

"Espadrilles."

"They seem so practical with rope soles, just ordinary rope."

"What do you want to do?" Brock said. "We've about finished the tour."

Across the street was the Mairie. Brock and the Aspirant had visited it that day. Pushing through the crowded door, they had seen in a double breasted suit and magenta necktie lying on the floor like the corpse in a detective story, a trickle of blood coming from a bullet hole in his temple, the porky collaborationist mayor of Le Thuis. Some boys were going through the mayor's pockets. The Aspirant reprimanded them scathingly for being little thieves, and afterward he tried to shoot off the lock of the antique safe that might contain valuable intelligence documents. The Aspirant was not much of a shot even when sober, but he had aimed his

wavering Luger with both hands and fired two deafening shots through the floor.

"I could stand a cold drink myself," Bettina said. "But not in this sun, please."

"We could try the inn," he said.

To get there they walked in front of the Mairie. Of course, it was hard to recognize the building with its bedazzling whitewash and *Defense d'Afficher* stenciled in reproachful black below the windows. Hugging Bettina's parcels to his chest, Brock peered inside and a clerk noticed him. Brock explained his presence with the announcement he'd been making all afternoon to the old men on benches in the square, the waiter bringing beer—a stunning statement he judged best delivered casually: dropped, as it were, like a small grenade which he happened to have in his pocket. "I have not been in this town," he said distinctly, "since the day of the liberation."

"Mais, ça n'est pas possible," said the clerk.

"Do you remember the day?"

The clerk did not, having spent the war in Bordeaux. At the inn an entirely unknown proprietor said, "C'est pas possible!" and called for his daughter who spoke English very well.

"Goddammit," Brock said. "Je parle francais."

Bettina laid a hand on his arm. She said to the proprietor, "Excusay, monsyer. Mon homme ay tray fatigay."

Once more Brock made his revelation, patiently, in accents too meticulous to misunderstand, in flowing, much rehearsed, idiomatic French.

"Pas possible!" The proprietor sighed and beckoned to his daughter.

It seemed to Brock all afternoon he'd heard nothing but variations of that perfunctory phrase. They merged in his mind like an inverted pyramid:

Ça n'est pas possible!

C'est pas possible!

Pas possible!

Possible!

'Sible!

The daughter came, a scrawny nondescript, equipped by a winter in London where she'd been sent by provident parents to ready the management for just such an emergency.

"You speak English?" she began. "Sir desires?"

"You speak American?"

"Allen," Bettina said.

"English. American. They are equal." The daughter laughed, a titter.

"How you say in French the American word—izzatso?"

"Iz?"

"Izzatso. I tell you how you say it. You say, 'Mais ça n'est possible!' Is that correct?"

"Allen," Bettina said.

"Me," Brock said and pointed to his chest. "In Le Thuis." He pointed to the floor. "Last time—"

"Allen, you mustn't."

"Germans parti. Zoom. Boom. Au revoir!"

The girl gave Brock a look of wild disbelief. "Sir desires somesing to eat or drank?"

Bettina drank two glasses of Coca Cola with ice. "You didn't need to be rude about it," she said finally. "You can't expect everyone to have been here."

"I know it. There's been a complete repopulation."

"Well, you didn't need to make a noisy ass of yourself."

"I know," he said. "I merely lost my temper."

The inn, Brock saw by the check, had been renamed prosaically, Le Relais du Midi. Now it was equipped with a *Bar Américain*, chrome-plated chairs and an English-speaking waitress. When the girl came to collect the check, he wrote on the back of it by impulse: ALLONS-Y - - - GUY, and asked if she'd heard of that.

"It means 'let us go,'" she explained as to any Kansas City optometrist. "I don know who is Guy."

Into the bar came an Arab rug vendor with pocked cheeks and a horrid smile. He was of the tribe that left Paris by summer, ranging north and south with the wares that had not been sold to tourists at cafés, wretchedly trudging the country roads, as Brock had seen while motoring, bent under packs. The Arab stood before Brock, a grinning crucifixion, arms hung with atrocious rugs, a row of Swiss watches on either wrist.

"No!" Brock shouted.

"Very good. Very cheap."

"No!"

"No merci, excusay," Bettina said. "What's the matter with you Allen?"

She was writing postcards. One looked to be eight inches square, a colored map of France which showed an apple in Normandy, a grape cluster at Bordeaux, a palm tree on the Riviera, a steamer at Marseille. Bettina wrote in a large clear hand, then passed the card to Brock that he might add his message. He read:

Dearest Andy and Bobby,

M and D are having the most interesting trip. In Paris we bought you some presents which you can have when we get home. That is if you are good boys and mind what Aunt Francine says. We have been visiting a town that Daddy helped capture when he was in the war. He will tell you about it someday. Did I tell you about the little Italian boys we saw on the plane? They were flying to Rome all by themselves. Here's Daddy.

Brock held the card in his forefingers and tore it in halves, quarters, eighths which fluttered to the floor.

"That's awful. It's the most awful thing I ever read."

"What is it, Allen?"

"It's awful. That's all."

She reached for his hand with deep curiosity and some concern. "How can I understand if you won't tell me?"

And she begged to finish the tour.

"Isn't it awful hot?"

"Oh I'm fine," she said.

Minutes later they stood on the steps of the second church at the end of town, clutching espadrilles and nougat, their faces dripping. At the turn of the road where the whores had been marched stood an hygienic Esso station, a blocklike structure of white cement.

"Welcome to Miami Beach," he said aloud.

"What?"

A smiling dog, with a withered foreleg hopped and sniffed among the gas pumps. On a wall in red paint was the slogan: PAIX EN ALGERIE.

"What are you thinking about, Allen? Won't you tell me what the matter is?"

But it was difficult to explain while walking at the edge of the traffic with parcels in his arms. She asked if the women had their

heads shaved with razors or what? Was he sure they could buy postage stamps? What was the *priest* doing? Brock almost welcomed her interruptions, since he could only express himself in sluggish phrases, with a dullness that in no way justified her college girl intensity. She clung to his arm, asking, asking.

"Please couldn't we see where the sixteen Germans were?"

They sought and found the hedge, the pasture, the stone house and the well. Brock noticed for the first time that the afternoon was fading. Along the road that stretched beyond the town laborers were returning from the fields and vineyards on bicycles and Velo-Solexes. It was nearly cool where the Brocks stopped in the dense shadow of a larch tree. The house was abandoned. Lichen crept over its walls and onto the slate roof that sagged and buckled in lazy undulations, and the well was covered with wild rosebushes. Reaching for a tiny bloom, Bettina stuck her thumb with a thorn.

"Ow . . . damn!"

Il y'en a seize qui veulent se rendre!

Brock saw the little girls bounding to him through the pasture. They might be walloping maidens now, trampling grapes and churning butter. The Commandant might be a colonel or a Gaullist deputy. The Lieutenant-Aspirant, who'd wanted to make a career of the army, could be dead in Indo-China.

Behind the house Brock made out vague hollows where the trenches were.

It had seemed impossible that they were as many as sixteen. They all looked alike with their arms in the air, boys in their teens with tired eyes and abject mouths. Their leader was a gangling corporal who looked at Brock's pointed and unloaded carbine as though he might burst into tears. Brock hadn't said a word. The corporal formed his men in two columns and waited at their head for Brock's command. As he marched them off, Brock saw the half-dug trenches cluttered with rifles, bayonets and unopened cartridge belts. They'd been waiting most of the day to surrender. Seeing their poor apples and sardine tins cast half-eaten in the dirt made Brock strangely sorry. He might have let them finish eating.

"Want a piece of nougat?"

His wife was studying him, sucking her pricked thumb.

"No."

"You don't have to bite my head off," she said. Then, coyly,

"Don't be pompous. Where was the place? You promised to show me exactly."

"Oh what for, Bettina?"

"Oh stop moaning at me."

Without warning she fell against him and knocked the parcels from his arms. "Owee . . . Damn shoes! I could have turned my ankle."

She took off a shoe and shook some pebbles from it, while leaning on his shoulder. As if I were a post, Brock thought. Deliberately he pulled away, and Bettina fell to the ground.

She looked up with blazing eyes, the kerchief torn from her head. "Help me up."

"Get up yourself."

"Damn you, Allen Brock."

"Don't be an idiot."

"I hate you, hate you!"

"In that case," he said with relish, grasping in an instant how long he'd wanted her to say those words, "I can assure you the feeling is mutual."

Bettina jumped up and flew at him. She slapped him so hard that his cheek burned and lights exploded in his eyes.

"You're a child!" she cried. "Yes, you are! A nasty, vindictive, spiteful child. You should be ashamed to face your own sons. We did everything to please you. We came on this trip. We stoppped in this awful town. I tried to learn some French. Everything to please you and you laugh at me and complain and snap at me like a spoiled baby. I thought we were going to share this . . . this . . . *experience!* The way other people share. Yes, it might surprise you to know that other people do share things! They enjoy them together. Not sulk and brood because their selfish, egotistical dreams are proved untrue! Do you suppose it's fun for me to try and act fascinated by your memories? Don't you think they're pretty foolish for a man thirty-six years old? And pretty damn disgusting too!"

Brock struck her back.

"Mrs. Suburbia! The voice of the PTA. Madame Prig recites from the Ladies Home Journal. It's taken me ten years to know I married a ninny, so what kind of a boob does that make me? I'm a fool all right. You're right about that!"

His wife's silliness, in all its forms and utterances fermenting with

the day's frustrations, burst and poured from him now, a spate of invective. He faced her across the remains of the trenches and shouted.

Along the road, from the line of laborers pedaling home, a peasant very like him the Brocks encountered at the beginning of their pil-



Mino Maccari "The Promoted"

Courtesy Grunwald Graphic Arts Foundation, U.C.L.A. Art Galleries

grimace, some aged nullifidian in moustaches and kneeboots, a tapering breadloaf under his arm, pumping with the aid of a small crepitating motor, may have looked up. Then, he would have seen the foreigners in a litter of white bundles, a man and a woman in gleaming trousers, smite each other deliriously, as if that were how they made love across the ocean.

While Brock saw no more than his wife's face there unflinchingly, lips pressed, a hellish enthusiasm in her eyes.

In Brock an emptied chamber was slowly filling with ineffable recognitions of his idiocy. They had never hit one another before, never been uncontrollably angry or touched these depths. He knew he must stop this debasement. He would desperately apologize and he knew just how staunchly and with what delicate good grace she would receive his penance. There would be iciness at first, melting, eventually soft smiles, and long periods of nervous jokes and laughter when the burden of shame would be his. He would explain, and she grasp in fragments, what it was to have your fiercest memory made ugly and preposterous. How might he ever hope to convey the crueler truths that captured him this afternoon? Sham the pathetic structure of conceits, absurdity with its many septic tastes had been forced down him like hot emetics, inducing this. And he knew that they could never be the same for this. It would cling like a burr, never to be torn loose by grief or whatever of joy or passion may remain after catastrophe has come to people like the Brocks.

That knowledge was too hard, he felt, to bear. Even in the penultimate moment—before he drew her in his arms, his breath coming in sobs and beyond despair begged somehow to be forgiven—to the very last, Brock sought to prolong his rage, so not to know its aftermath. He longed to sink into the hurling geysers known one other time in his solemn life, when as a young man he ran with the mob at the heels of the despicable few and helpless collaborators down the street of this foreign town.

And Bettina thought suddenly: Dear God, do we have to go home to Greenwich?

John Phillips was born in Massachusetts. He was in the Second World War and later employed by several magazines in New York. He has traveled extensively in Europe and has written several short stories and a novel. His second novel, *Bleat's Progress*, will be published sometime this year.

Mary:

whose agonies were too
great for even two to bear—
who went about with old things
strange in her pockets while she
spent the days walking street
after street looking for that one
real, certain way—quietly high
footed like a crow walking on a
lawn turning over each fallen leaf,
its speculation nearly a dream.
What can I say of Mary?

THE SOMETIMES BALLAD OF MARY

I

So in this hour her sudden thoughts,
would set her staring there,
that desolation filled her face,
so dark and crossed with shadowed care.
You understand, her burden
with an agony raw as rain,
sat sharp and watchful on her thoughts
that pushed upon each dot of pain.

II

All that was left was now to watch
the World that tossed beyond
her quickest reach, all those she chose,
her court of lost, and quick and gone.
So one way here, one way there,
each way being that much sadder,
she in her own sweet Universe
grew intelligently madder.

III

In this her tight smiling anger,
so worse with madness made,
her mouth and mind unsynchronized;
blue with blue, her so constant shade
she'd wear, and hand held high
she would suddenly, dance, act, sing;
make that care-cast bell of error
most unintentionally ring.

IV

If you too closely watch her now,
she jangles in your head,
directs your thoughts to better wines,
and in her fear converts to gold
(your cryptic mind once tried)
that lead the Alchemists set fire,
so Golden might her treasons call
the final trumpets of desire.

V

Think of her then, cripple-footed
cold in a New York Square,
her ears, inaudible to sound,
must trust her eyes to see the stare
of those strangers, blank as gray,
who give no shelter, trust, nor gown
to wear the convict night away;
suspect her here, in this their town.

VI

When all those limbs so stripped and dead
lay just outside her door,
She must then allow that fall has come
and left so false that view before
where in illusion fast she held
some spring and summer imagery,
while slipping past now leaves her bare
to Winter's love of treachery.

CONTACT ON CAMPUS

I suppose the people of our generation aren't able to die for good causes any longer. We had all that done for us in the thirties and forties, when we were still kids. There aren't any good brave causes left. If the big bang does come, and we all get killed off it won't be in aid of the old-fashioned grand design. I'll just be for the Brave-New-nothing-very-much-thank-you. About as pointless and inglorious as stepping in front of a bus.

—Jimmy Porter in *Look Back in Anger*

When John Osborne's play appeared in 1956 it was fair to say that he expressed the Voice of the Fifties. The editors of CONTACT have wondered whether Jimmy Porter speaks for the Sixties as well. We doubt it. We have been discussing the possibility of a new magazine with national distribution, primarily for students, which would serve as a vehicle of expression for a contemporary student generation that apparently doesn't share Jimmy Porter's fatalism. We've asked Robert Semple and John Martinson, graduate students in History at the University of California, to sit on the editorial board of the proposed magazine. The following dialogue between them is a combination of letters they have written and conversations in our offices. CONTACT readers who are interested in the proposal are invited to join the conversation with their comments.

—the Editors



Robert Martin

"David"

A GOOD FIVE YEAR TITLE

Picture American society as a big fat ostrich with its head stuck in the sterile sand-and-concrete wastes of an H-bomb shelter while three continents are about to go up in smoke. Then for writers picture a gang of trapeze artist astronauts breezing through space. Every time they swing in close they really boot that poor bird trying to wake it up. How do you like that for an image of what a new magazine ought to do?

John Martinson

Frankly, I don't. I'd rather have something like Williams' opening lines in Glass Menagerie. Remember, Tom says:

I reverse it (time) to that quaint period, the thirties, when the huge middle class of America was matriculating in a school for the blind. Their eyes had failed them, or they had failed their eyes, and so they were having their fingers pressed down on the fiery braille alphabet of a dissolving economy.

Robert Semple

He was talking about another decade and I think we face something more threatening than a dissolving economy, but I agree that pretty much the same point could be made today. There's probably always a need for a magazine that's willing to point out that the king has no clothes. The overweight sacred cows of our affluent society are crying to be milked and that's the job we ought to take on.

J. M.

With enthusiasm and naiveté. We must be enthusiastic to make it work and we must be ingenious enough to think that all the ills of contemporary society are fair game for articulate undergraduates who are willing to experiment with the language of dissent. The contributors must be trapeze artists, yet, but like all trapeze artists they must also be careful. The spontaneous enthusiasm of their articles must be preceded by diligent preparation and responsible thought. I have recently emerged from the under-

graduate community. The streets there are littered with the bodies of badly trained acrobats. Which raises another point: this is, after all, a magazine for, about, and by students, a CONTACT-ON CAMPUS. What makes us so sure that the students are likely to produce anything other than expressions of temporary irritation, transient grudges against an older generation? Is there any common ground of student opinion? What if we find that the students do not attack the same sacred cows, that, in fact they think that the cows which presently exist are fully entitled to the reverence we pay them. Or, what if none of today's undergraduates are sufficiently familiar with the anatomy of a cow to dissect it with any skill?

R. S.

I think we should get off this "student" kick. Let's do our best to put out a good magazine for any literate person who'll buy it. It's likely that 95% of our readers *will* be students, but do we need to announce that fact ahead of time? We're not a student magazine. We're a magazine dealing with problems and observations. Problems and observations that will probably interest students more than any other single group in our society. But I

know I wouldn't want 95% of the writing to be done by students. 50% or 60% would seem to be a more reasonable estimate.

At the same time I think a number of people (mostly young but not necessarily students) are beginning to get a vision of what the world *could* be like and their dissatisfaction with the present state of affairs is becoming more vocal. This is probably truer in other parts of the world, but I don't think the "ferment on the campus", "new faces on the picket line" etc., can be briefly dismissed. My God, look at the response to JFK's campaign afterthought — the Peace Corps. I don't think Kennedy realizes it, but if he starts rubbing the noses of young Americans in the poverty and injustice of the rest of the world he may breed himself a bunch of real revolutionaries when they get back and form the Peace Corps Alumni Association. Do you suppose it'll be called the Un-American Legion?

Of course the visions aren't always clear nor the voices always articulate. And that's precisely why we should bring out a magazine that will encourage articulate expression of all this "visionary" behavior.

J. M.

And I think you're crazy. Of

course, a number of people are beginning to get a vision of what the world could be like. Of course, there's a groundswell of feeling. Of course, all this visionary behavior is inarticulate. But none of this is new, and to think that our magazine is in some sense a noble, unselfish response to a dramatically new and original set of ideas and impulses coming from the campus is plain nonsense. The magazine is new; the impulses are not. What we have set out to do is discover, and then capture, undergraduate writing. We should hope naturally, that the contributions we receive do reflect a healthy fermentation in the distilleries of education throughout the country. We should hope, naturally, that there is something substantively new about undergraduate opinion. But we should not delude ourselves by thinking that the formal responses of undergraduates to world developments will be any different than they've been in the past. Look for the new wine. Be prepared for its arrival in old bottles.

One last point: the bottles are of different shapes, the wine of different taste, tone and vintage. You seem to imply that this groundswell is a cohesive movement. You seem to imply that the bottles will look the same, and the wine will taste the same. What I

really want to know is: Are all your contributors going to be liberal pacifists like yourself?

R. S.

And you seem to imply that I'm about to engineer an ideological *coup d'état*. Please: I can't seize the magazine until we establish the magazine. Furthermore, will you kindly stop calling me a liberal!

J. M.

I think you are one. But why so touchy on the subject?

R. S.

Because a liberal is a guy who has to look politically to the right and left in order to find out where he's going. Remember that brief editorial statement in CONTACT 1 when the editors said: "We're not going to take sides—not literary sides, not political sides, —except that we're on the side of humanity, whatever that means." I like that. But what does it mean? It's a great question to put to the heterogeneous group of people who I hope will be our readers and writers, hoping that we get some pretty heterogeneous answers. You and I should have our answers too, but we shouldn't try to impose them on our readers or contributors.

Personally, I like the answer given by Dwight Macdonald in "The Root is Man" from the old

POLITICS magazine. If I had to nominate a single piece of recent writing as an answer, that would be it. As a matter of fact, I'd like to nominate POLITICS as a standard to which the just can repair whenever the just start talking about starting magazines—both for its sense of humanity and the quality of lucid prose it achieved.

And I'm not saying that there aren't some very real differences between Macdonald or POLITICS and the magazine I'd like us to put out. Remember, I'm talking about the Macdonald of 15 years ago. We're not going to be strictly a "political" magazine. Graphically there should be big differences. Macdonald is a member of what C. P. Snow calls the "literary humanist culture"; I would like us to reflect more understanding of science and scientists. But most important, for us it isn't simply that *The Root is Man*. Rather, the root is a particular kind of *homo Americanus*. There's not much point in trying to hide from the fact of our "american-ness". We're going to have to work out our destiny on an American scene in terms set for us, not by us. For example, I'm thinking of the sort of thing William Carlos Williams said in *CONTACT* 1 about American poets and an American meter.

Could Macdonald have made such a statement? Could the editors of *PARTISAN REVIEW*? Incidentally, Macdonald has recently moved to London which he describes as his favorite city. Fine. To each his own. But I'll take my stand with Herb Caen and *Bagdad-by-the-Bay* and be damn proud of it.

J. M.

We're having trouble deciding whether or not the magazine is worth the effort without getting sidetracked in an argument over the merits of "The Root is Man." But Macdonald has much to teach us about the business of being good editors. The conspicuous fact of Macdonald's career is his impartial hatred for ideology and dogma, for cant and formalism, for doctrine and duplicity. He is no less critical of the New York Post than he is of Time Inc., no less contemptuous of the Pavlovian liberalism of Max Lerner than he is of the catchpenny conservatism of Henry Luce and Willie Schlamm. But is being on the side of humanity simply being on the side of Macdonald? Which reminds me: Do we have to take sides?

R. S.

I'm not contending that we have to "take sides." But I do believe that we have to know where

we "stand". I think the notion that there can be such a thing as neutral or objective editing is utterly fallacious. I don't believe you can ever separate facts and values, even in science (especially in science I'm inclined to say). Sure, everything is relative. But it's relative to something else. Without that "something else", fallible and human as it may be, what do you have to stand on in order to look at the universe—or the manuscripts that come into your office? Knowing where *we* stand is what makes it possible to conduct a half-way intelligent discussion among the parties to a dispute without "taking sides". You "take sides" when you're on the defensive. If we are secure (i.e., articulate) in the knowledge of our own position we won't feel defensive and will be able to admit a much wider range of viewpoints than most magazines do. It's the difference between having a measuring stick with which you can critically appraise your friends and enemies, or, having a club with which you strike out in fear. But without a measuring stick you're strictly from nowhere.

J. M.

Let's talk about specific topics the magazine will touch on. On a number of occasions you've raised the question of identity. What, precisely, do we mean when we

use this word? A non-political definition might suggest approaches for the magazine to take. If and when we are able to discover what most troubles the young student in the course of his efforts to make his peace in (rather than with) a complex world, then, perhaps we can start formulating specific policy for a first issue.

R. S.

There certainly isn't anything novel about the question "Who Am I?" Isn't that what adolescence is really all about? But now I think there is an intensity, a demand for an answer that's not forthcoming, that hasn't been present in the recent past. And isn't this directly related to living in a world where social and political order is seriously in question? When you march on the picket line at San Francisco's City Hall, or in front of Woolworth's, you begin to get a new insight into who you are. I think we should encourage such explorations and do the best possible job of publishing the reports of the voyagers. But I might be wrong. Maybe all the "ferment on the campus" means that identity has already been found. Maybe Jimmy Porter and I are already members of an older generation ready to be patronized by today's undergraduates when we come back to the old school for Homecom-

ing.

But let's drop "identity" for a moment and talk about straight political writing. I would frankly welcome some fresh writing from the Marxists, if it exists. (Now don't get me wrong. Some of my best friends, etc., etc.) It's not the *Marxism of the Marxists* that bothers me so much as the tiredness of their clichés. The one thing our magazine does *not* need is tired writing. It's got to be fresh. It's got to swing. And I'm afraid the histrionics of C. Wright Mills won't qualify either. Take that article he did in *CONTACT 3* on that brand new topic "The Decline of the Left". In 13 pages I counted 13 uses of *cultural workmen* or its equivalent. We used to call them *peoples' intelligentsia*, now they're *cultural workmen*. Just what's been gained?

Last fall when the Esquire Magazine Traveling Showcase of American Writers did a one coffee hour stand in Berkeley, some boob asked James Baldwin, "How did you become a writer?" Can't you picture some Millsian apprentice cultural workman, lunch pail in hand, applying at the factory gate marked "Columbia University School of Journalism". So Baldwin told him, "I don't think anyone *becomes* a writer. One day you discover that you are a

writer and then spend the rest of your life adjusting to that fact." Philip Roth and John Cheever were in essential agreement. But is anyone going to suggest that Mills would have answered that question in a way that would even indicate he lives in the same universe as Baldwin or Roth or Cheever? If there's a future C. Wright Mills presently hidden in the stacks of the Widener Library I'd be in favor of exposing his thinking to the light of day in the pages of our magazine. But I'd be even happier to introduce an unknown Baldwin or Roth or Cheever to the reading public.

J. M.

Look, Martinson on Mills is superb; but Martinson on the question of Identity is much too vague for my tastes, a vagueness I noticed in the generally excellent treatment of the sticky question of "taking sides". You point out that Mills' tired phraseology merely reflects a mind giving conventional, dogmatic, devil-theory and essentially Marxist answers to old questions. In both cases you appear, properly, to shy away from the rigidities of ideology, from the framing of loaded questions on the one hand and on the other, from writers who load their questions. But then you do an about face. To quote: "When you march on the picket line . . . you

begin to get a new insight into who you are." First of all, I confess that I am troubled by the question of identity, but I trust that I will be able to solve it without indulging whatever taste I have for demonstrations against the HUAC or for sit-ins. Don't forget that this magazine is also designed for undergraduates who are worried about the question of identity, but who do not characteristically phrase their answers in strictly political terms. A college senior deciding on a meaningful career must turn his eyes inward with no less integrity than the man who is trying to decide whether to sign a letter supporting a teacher of dubious ability who has just been fired, not because of his pedagogical deficiencies, but because of his political affiliations.

R. S.

Let me interject a point here.

J. M.

Be my guest.

R. S.

One of the reasons I think there's been so much resentment against the House Un-American Activities Committee is because of what it's done to corrupt the word "American." Paine and Jefferson and John Brown (Sacco and Vanzetti too) belong to us, and the HUAC has damn near made it impossible for us to claim

our heritage without appearing to support the myopic historical viewpoint of the D. A. R. Students feel cheated. I would like us to give full expression to this kind of honest resentment. But I'm not sympathetic with any of the simple minded bi-polar professional anti-Americanism or Stalinoid apologetics that see Americans as the bad guys and Russians as the good guys.

J. M.

Swell. But can one also discover "identity" by supporting the HUAC? Recent reports suggest the growth of a neo-conservative movement on campus whose members are committed to a firm defense of institutionalized anti-Communism as represented by the HUAC. Do we shoot them? Reject their articles? Or welcome their views? Views to which, presumably, you will provide a quick rejoinder? Also, while I welcome the idea that we should publish reports of those engaging in active dissent (picketeers of all sorts) I recoil from the suggestion that we should actively encourage such explorations. I do not want to discuss tactics and strategy. I have no desire to turn the magazine into a poop-sheet for agitators of any stripe. This is the sort of formal commitment which an intelligent magazine of opinion

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wide audience and, more importantly, fulfill its expressed function as a vehicle of the inarticulate opinions on campuses today. A set-piece by the leader of a demonstration against the HUAC strikes me as much too articulate for the sort of magazine we have in mind. Surely we would welcome a careful report of such activities of their nature, purpose, the assumptions on which they are based, the inarticulate impulses which they reflect. But to give editorial advice on ways in which such ventures could be more (or less) successful seems way beyond the limits of the editorial position we should try to achieve.

R. S.

So what do you suggest on how we go about getting material?

J. M.

TIME ran that article on the growing conservative movement on campus. Buckley writes about the screaming liberals at Wisconsin and Antioch. We should do this stuff first. We need a broad and effective network of reporters with eyes and ears in addition to our predictably large corps of commentators, pundits, and undergraduate philosophers with mouths. And if *TIME*, which has a pretty sharp education section, scoops us we should retaliate by getting Schlesinger or Mc-

George Bundy or Daniel Bell to write an article telling us what the hell they think about all this conservatism on campus. Then we should get Nixon to write us a letter telling us what a jerk Schlesinger is to say what he said. And so it goes. Ideas develop. Pages multiply. The spacious offices of Angel Island Publ. are inundated with vigorous insights. We are famous, rich, in demand. I replace Murrow as Director of the USIA, Ryan runs for Congress, you get appointed Warden of the "Rock" and let everybody out, and Wintersteen can handle the memoirs.
R.S.

All right, I'm with you. Here are a few targets I'd like to zero in on. No holds barred on "America's National Purpose." Generally speaking, no holds barred on any of the favorite themes of the Luce Empire. The Rand Corporation and the notion that "you too can have a rational thermo-nuclear war" needs attention. Capital

punishment supporters, civil defense myopia, and the "Free World" are still good targets but I don't think there's any need to continue the Vance Packard attack on tail fins and Coca-Cola.
J.M.

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Rand Corporation, capital punishment, Luce "Empire": Here we go again, Marty, but for the moment let me reserve judgment on the implied (or stated) ideological content of your suggestions. Along the line of my suggestion that Identity can be pursued in a variety of ways, how about Eugene Burdick on the Ugly American Student abroad, Margaret Mead on undergraduate marriages? Somebody sensitive and impartial on "What to Expect From the Peace Corps," not to mention reports on how it's coming along from some of the participants.

Also we might direct our attention to subjects of broad and continuing concern, although the substantive data might not seem too exciting at first glance, e.g., a piece on the current trend towards larger enrollments in graduate schools. I suspect that there is some very interesting work to be done there, especially concerning the assumptions on which students make their decisions to continue in the academic world. Why is the B. A. obsolete? World too complex? Is the age of specialization really here? The testimony of placement officers, undergraduates, personnel managers could be coupled with the observations of an interested sociologist in an article which might really furnish us with some relevant insights into

the whole question of identity. What if it turns out that students are simply too lazy to go to work; alternately that they've decided that most of the available work is worthless, meaningless? Which gets us back to the Peace Corps. R.S.

How about asking Paul Goodman to do an article about young people in some European country. A "Growing Up Absurd in West Germany" sort of thing.

There's a lot of stuff we should get from Southerners. A few weeks ago Martin Luther King made a statement about living in the South in which he said: "The whites in the South at least have personal contact with the Negro. It's not the right kind of contact, but it's there. And believe me, there is no more genuine person than a converted, emancipated Southern white man". Why not some "Emancipation Proclamations" from white students?

J.M.

And the Cold War? What does this suggest as far as articles? R.S.

I'd like to see comments on the Cold War by students in other parts of the world. Comments by Russian and Chinese students if such a thing is possible. But I prefer the frank admission that a power struggle

exists, with reflections on its possible resolution, rather than the "spirit of Camp David" why-can't-we-be-friends sort of thing that seems to characterize Russian or American tourist relations. And how about some reports from the 22 year old recent college graduates who are sent to an Army post in Turkey or West Germany instead of getting in the Peace Corps? Their experience is all part of the Cold War.

And the war on want? How about asking someone like Danilo Dolci in Sicily to write an article on the part students can play in this war. Or someone working in India's Village Reconstruction program to do the same. I think the big question is: Can the under developed countries have their industrial revolution and democracy too? There's an awful lot of jumping to conclusions on this subject, talk about "forced marches" etc. Well, what if there's evidence that they *can* have their cake and eat it too? We ought to have someone on the spot reporting of it.

J.M.

To bring up another subject—what are we going to call this magazine?

R.S.

The other morning my wife dozed off while feeding the baby. In a dream she saw the cover of

course Hawaii still holds some surprises . . . on the other side of the island, the part most people never see. It's not all scenery and surfing either. The Islands are a gourmet's paradise, too—if you know the right places to go. Of course, we'll take care of that for you. And, yes, \$322.33 covers everything, including jet fare both ways. I'm getting a suite for you with a beautiful view of Waikiki and Diamond Head, for the week of the 24th. Your travel agent will have the final details and tickets for you this week. Cordially, *Robert H. Hale*
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O.K. I see your point.

J. M.

Ryan is hot for *THE HEDGEHOG AND THE FOX* but I've been taking an informal poll and that one has taken considerable gas. I sure can't support it. A fox suggests too many different things (mostly a certain craftiness which I do not admire). I would support some plain but provocative title coupled with an explanatory subtitle. Any of the following would do; *DISCOVERY: A Review of Campus Opinion*; *PROSPECTUS: A Review of Campus Opinion*; *FOCUS: A Review . . .* or, if you like, *IMPACT: A Review . . .* Those are my favorites. Something conventional like the *CAMPUS REPORT*, sans subtitle might be enough.

R.S.

You like sub-titles? How about *CAMPUS REPORT: Dedicated to the Proposition that the Memory of H. L. Mencken Shall Not Perish From This Earth*.

J.M.

O.K. I see your point.

R.S.

I've been thinking about names like *NEW GENERATION*. The Socialist Party has just brought out a socialist paper for liberals called *NEW AMERICA* and I've been trying to figure out why the word *NEW* isn't any good—aside from the fact that it's been old

since 1914. I think the truth of the matter is, I'm a conservative. There are plenty of OLD ways of living (like eating and breathing and loving) that I'm quite satisfied with and I'll be pleased beyond all expectation if I'm allowed to continue.

I'm somewhat inclined to "neutrality", i.e. something like PROSPECTUS or PERSPECTIVES. Look at THE NATION. It's been going for more than 90 years and it's still a good title because it doesn't commit the magazine to any one point of view—the editors are free to do that job. On the other hand IMPACT or its correlates have a more immediate appeal. THE NATION is a good 90 year name and when Godkin thought it up he could believe that there would be another 90 years of American History. I don't think we can make any such assumption. Instead let's be optimistic and talk in terms of five or ten years. Let's pick a good five year name. If it goes stale after that length of time it will be because the energy we're going to put into impact-writing has been used up. In which case we should go out of business anyway.

J.M.

I'm all in favor of impact-writing. But wouldn't putting it in the title be like the TV host who

says, "Now I'm going to introduce one of the best comics in the business. Say something funny, Mort."

R.S.

I hate to admit it but you're right. It's that CONTACT-IMPACT theme that appeals to me. Let those literary types at CONTACT reach out and touch them. Then our trapeze swinging, fermenting, politico types will come along and sock them right between the eyes.

J.M.

After which, presumably, they collapse. How do you propose to reassemble them? (I get the feeling that you have enough enthusiasm for a generation's worth of magazines. Which is fine, as long as neither you nor the reader die of political fatigue.)

R.S.

At that point we start a magazine called INTACT. Sort of a WOMAN'S DAY for the post-war era full of helpful hints on survival appliances you should have in your family fall-out shelter.

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You have the damndest way of turning every conversation into a discussion of war or politics. Let me say flatly that I do not have the same ideological commitment that you do. Furthermore, to talk about "fallout shel-

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ters" and the Rand Corporation as easily as you occasionally do is to forget the complexities which brought them into existence in the first place. When we read about the arms race and all the rest of it, we tend to assume that Western leaders have capitulated to the doctrine that war is inevitable. By building a bomb shelter we acknowledge defeat. But the problem is not that simple. Getting rid of the Rand Corporation, in my view, will not lessen the tensions of the Cold War. And what should distinguish our magazine from the fly-by-night, two-bit liberal journals which flourish on most American campuses is the ability to seek out contributors who grasp the complexities of our problems. I am really making two points. First, the so-called conservatives have something to say about our difficulties. They have been out of office for so long that they haven't developed the confidence which enables the incumbents to give lazy answers to hard questions. I am also arguing that radical opinions are ineffective unless based on sound scholarship. That means radicals right as well as radicals left. I can't escape the feeling that you want some well-defined point of view, and I'm willing to leave the matter open, especially in any editorial capa-

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city I might have. Our job is to run a discussion. Let me add as a final note that I do not wish to avoid controversy.

R.S.

I know, you just don't want your daughter to marry one.

J.M.

No seriously, I simply think that we will get less of it if we attach ourselves to particular and parochial points of view. The two dullest magazines around (after you read them for a year or so) are the NATION and the NATIONAL REVIEW. This is a pity, because neither Freda Kirchwey nor Bill Buckley are dull people with dull ideas. They simply run closed shops.

R.S.

You're imputing a stronger and narrower partisanship to me than I believe to be the case. (I could be prejudiced) I, too, relish controversy. But I don't think you get it by presenting the pose of editorial neutrality. You and I share some value orientation (I

know you hate that term but patience, please.) Otherwise we couldn't have done this much work together. I'm not asking the magazine to "take sides", but I am suggesting that you and I and everyone else involved in this mad venture should know where we stand. After all, there are certain values about which we are NOT "neutral" or "objective"—the defense of Freedom of Expression, for instance. Better we should be explicit about this instead of implicitly assuming its existence in the atmosphere of "good fellowship" we enjoy in the offices of Angel Island Publications. I don't think we can articulate all of this now but it's something we should be thinking about as we proceed.

J.M.

So we're right back where we started . . . both on the side of humanity, whatever the hell that means. Let's publish a few issues and see what happens.

R.S.

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The editors wish to thank Harvey Swados for bringing the following pages from EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE to their attention. To us it suggests a line immortalized by Ogden Nash, "I don't get the name, but the face is familiar." ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

CASTRO—DISTURBER OF THE PEACE IS HE TYRANT OR LIBERATOR? READ THE FIERCE INDICTMENT AND THE DEFENSE: PAGE 338

Vol. XIX

No. 3

Everybody's Magazine

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Issued monthly. Yearly subscription, \$1.50 in advance. Single copy, fifteen cents

Two Years, \$2.50; Three Years, \$3.00. Foreign postage, \$1.00 additional. Canadian postage, 30 cents.

Copyright, 1908, by The Ridgway Company in the United States and Great Britain

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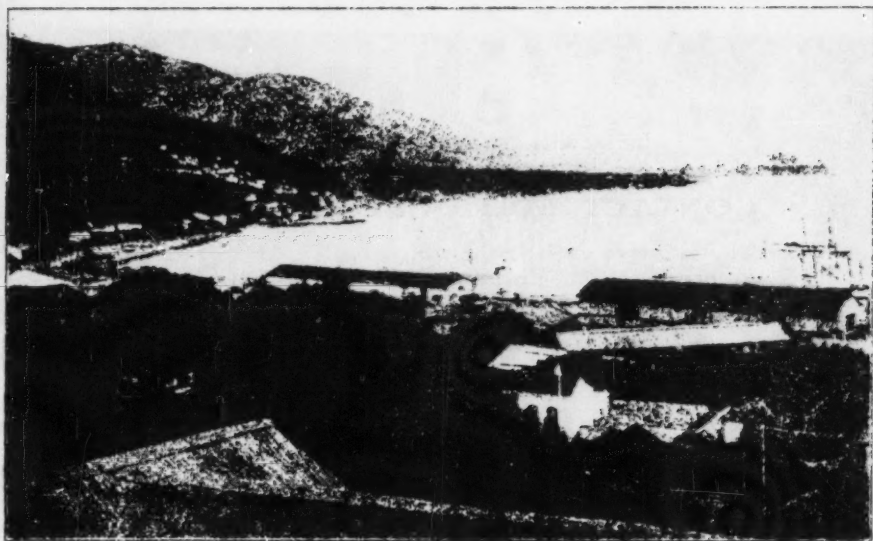
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LA GUAYRA, THE PORT OF CARACAS

CASTRO: TYRANT OR LIBERATOR?

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Our diplomatic relations with Venezuela have been terminated. Senator Cullom of the Committee on Foreign Affairs says that "President Castro needs a spanking." Rumor declares that the next job of our navy will be to administer this discipline.

Who and what is Castro? A monster, a greedy tyrant, as his opponents assert? Or, as his supporters contend, the liberator of a people? Before the world he is our protégé. But for the Monroe doctrine he must long since have faced the guns of Great Britain, Germany, France, Italy. Citizens of those countries, and of our own, too, allege that Castro has deprived them of treaty rights, repudiated contracts, confiscated property, imperiled their lives and liberty, and turned the Venezuelan courts into a farce wherein is no justice.

On the other hand, Castro calls the foreigners thieves and liars. He says that they have tried to scinddle Venezuela out of her best natural resources, refused to obey the laws or recognize the courts, and not only aided and abetted

revolution, but actually organized rebellion.

There are, then, two definite sides to the story; both are set forth here. George W. Crichfield, who, by friend and foe alike, is pronounced honest and sincere, and who, during fifteen years' residence in Venezuela, endured many injuries at Castro's hands, presents the argument for the prosecution; while Col. in B. Brown brings to his defense of the president not only the authority of long residence in the country, but also a close and careful study of its affairs.

Castro the Tyrant

By George W. Crichfield

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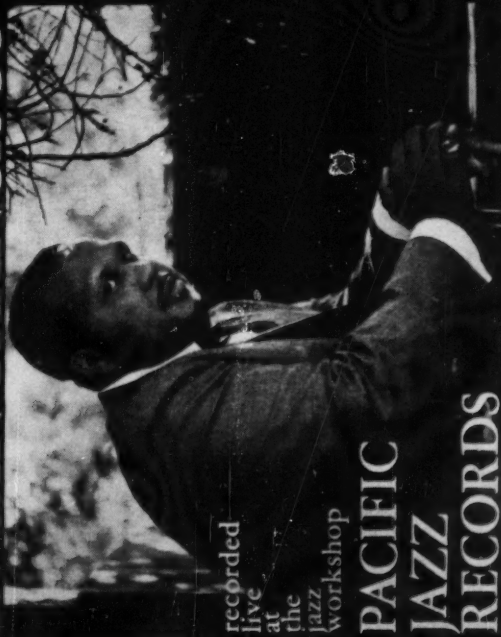


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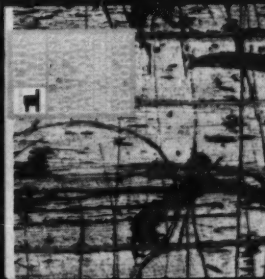
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